

# CHANDAMAMA

MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG



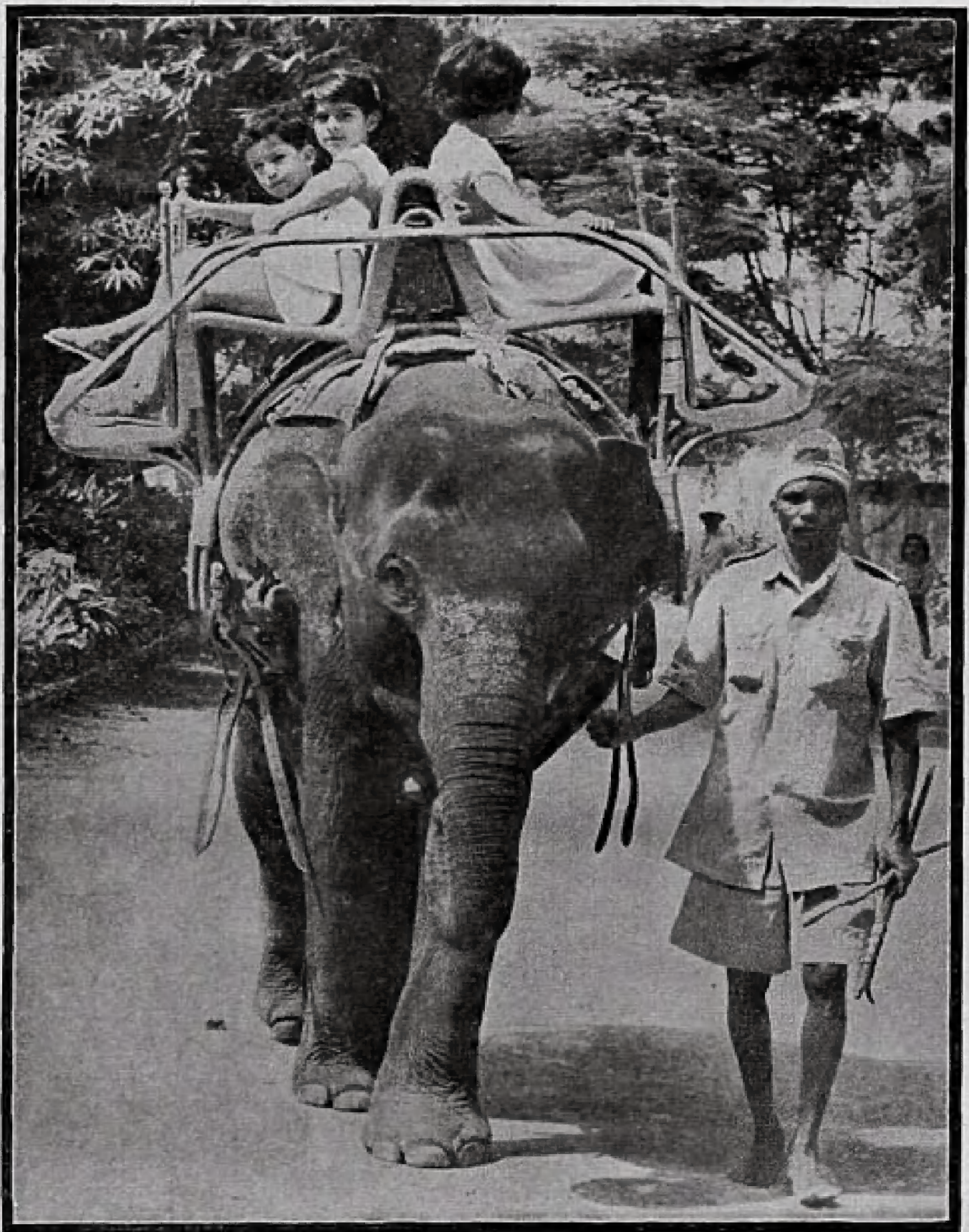
1st Sept, '57

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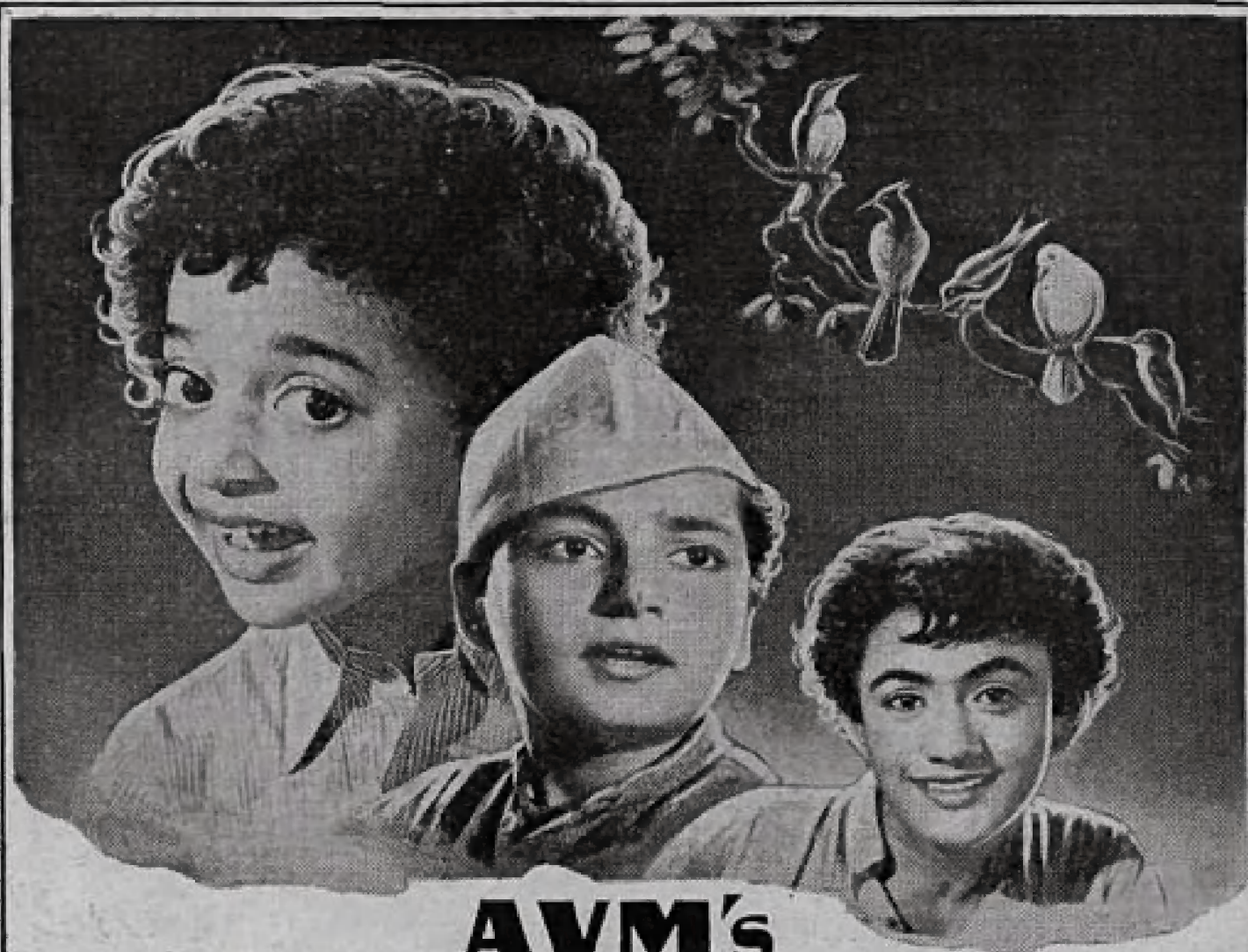
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# CHANDAMAMA

SEPTEMBER '57

## CONTENTS

BOOMERANG	...	3
THE HUNTER'S LUCK		7
THE LAND OF THE CROCODILE (Serial)		9
MORTAL ENEMIES	...	18
THE REVENGE	...	26
SINDBAD THE SAILOR		33
LOSING FRIENDS	...	41
AN IDEAL COUPLE	...	44
WANDERINGS OF ODYSSEUS	...	49
BLIND JUSTICE	...	57
REDEMPTION	...	62

*Other attractions:*

HUMOUROUS STORIES,  
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Our readers and friends, whose goodwill and cooperation have always been a great deal helpful, are requested to note that there will be no further issues of **CHANDAMAMA - English** due to production and administrative inconveniences having compelled us to decide in favour of closing down this language edition with this number. Subscribers and agents will individually be addressed in the matter of their accounts shortly.

We very much regret to be withdrawing **CHANDAMAMA-English** from service to sweet youngsters. If ever we have a chance to renew this publication we will do so willingly and for the present, we remain.

*Publishers*

**CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS**

*Your Son ...*

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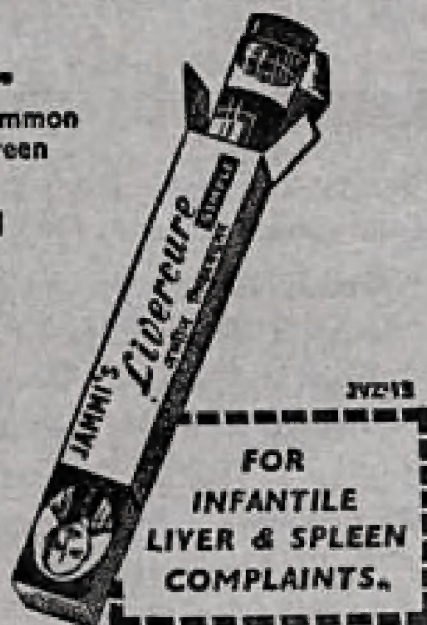
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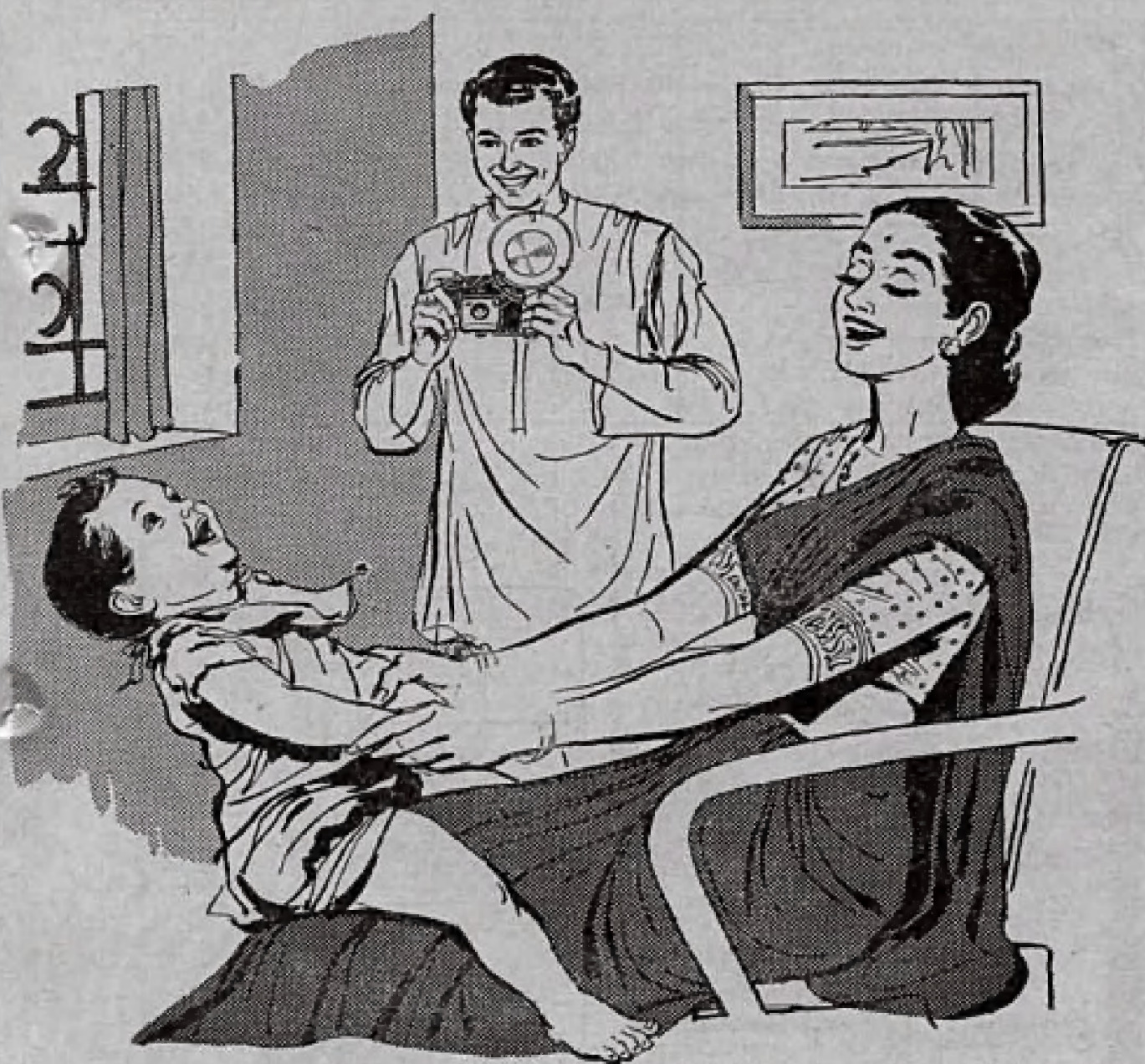


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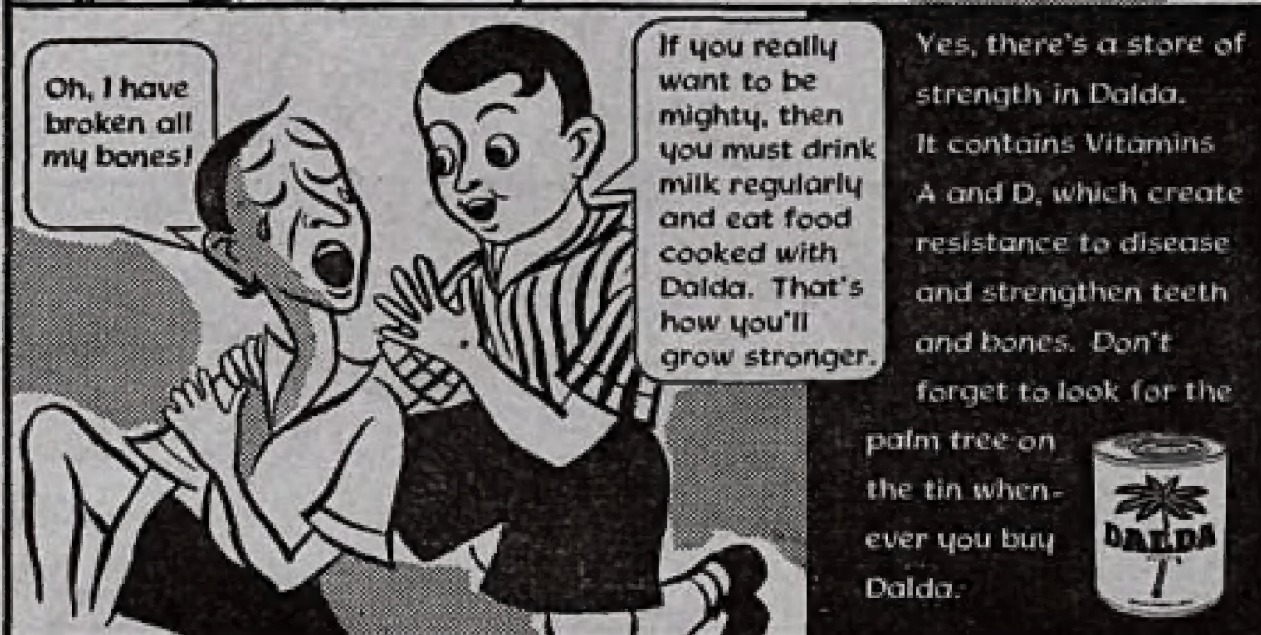


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Controlling Editor : CHAKRAPANI

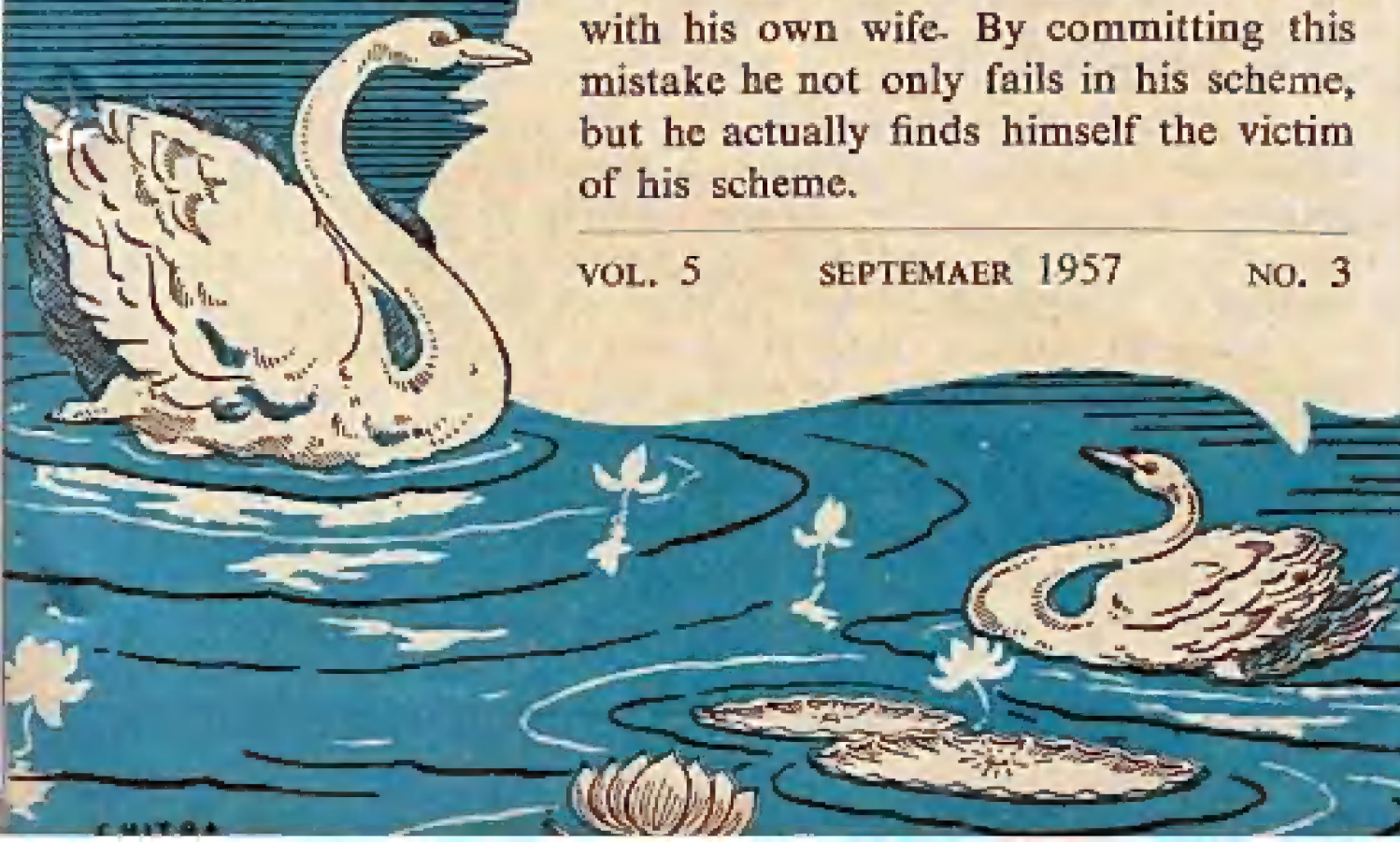
[CRIME does not pay. But people who bear malice towards others are sure to go in for crime. However carefully they might plan their crime they are bound to commit mistakes which will ultimately come home to roost.

In the Jataka Tale "BOOMERANG" we see Pingala the *Purohit* intent upon destroying his brother-in-law. He plays upon the superstition of the King and gets his permission to sacrifice a person of the description of his brother-in-law. Then he tries to share his triumph with his own wife. By committing this mistake he not only fails in his scheme, but he actually finds himself the victim of his scheme.

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NO. 3





## THE FRONT COVER

QUEEN Sudheshna kept her promise to her brother. She called Droupadi and said to her, "O Sairandhri, I am so thirsty! Go to my brother and get me some sweet wine."

"Madam" Droupadi replied, "Your brother is madly in love with me. I do not wish to meet him. Please send someone else."

"My brother dare not molest you," said the Queen, "seeing that I send you on an errand." She insisted, and most reluctantly Droupadi went to Kichaka's house, taking a golden jar with her.

Kichaka was so excited when he saw Droupadi that he caught hold of her hand. She was frightened, shook him off and began to run along the street. Kichaka ran after her.

Droupadi desperately rushed into the assembled Court of King Virata. Kichaka had no considerations for the proprieties of the Court. He caught hold of Droupadi by her hair and kicked her down. Strangely enough, not one in the entire Court raised his voice in protest.

Bhima was beside himself with fierce rage. Grinding his teeth, he rushed to a tree nearby, and made to pull it out. Yudhishthira intervened cleverly, and said, "My man, why do you try to pull out that tree? It is green and will be no good as firewood."

In the meantime, Droupadi was enraged to see her husbands as tongue-tied as the rest of the courtiers including the King while Kichaka behaved like a brute to her. She turned to the King, and said, "Though my husbands are mighty they keep quiet. You are the King and yet you allow this beast to behave like this to me, why?"

As a matter of fact, King Virata was a puppet in Kichaka's hands. "How do I know," he said, "what went on between you two?"

Yudhishthira wanted to resolve the crisis. "Woman," he said to Droupadi, angrily, "What are you doing here in this Court? If any injustice has been done to you, will not your husbands take proper revenge at the proper time? Get out of here!"

Droupadi got up and went to the palace, torn with anger and sorrow.





## Boomerang

WHEN Brahma-datta was King in Banaras he had a *purohit* who was called Pingala. This man had a tawny brown complexion, a bald head and a toothless mouth.

Bodhisatva, who was born as a young man named Takkariya, was Pingala's pupil and lived with him.

Now Pingala had a brother-in-law whom he hated like poison. He too had a tawny brown complexion, a bald head and a toothless mouth.

Pingala had made several attempts to destroy his brother-in-law, but those attempts had all failed.

Finally he thought of a new plan to destroy his enemy. He went to the King and said,

"O King, Banaras is the greatest city of Bharat, and you are the greatest King in the country. For this reason it is all the more regrettable that there should be a fault in the building of your fort. The fault is in our South Gate and it is bound to bring you evil unless it is corrected at once, not to speak of the bad name it gets us. I pray that this defect should be rectified without the least delay."

"How can we rectify it?" the King anxiously asked Pingala the Purohit.

"The gate must be pulled down," Pingala replied. "Then another gate must be prepared out of auspicious timber. After selecting a favourable conjunction of the planets, necessary sacrifices





should be made to the gods and the new gate erected."

Having obtained the King's permission to change the South Gate, Pingala ordered the old gate to be pulled down and had the new gate made by the carpenters.

As soon as the new gate was ready, Pingala went to the King and said, "O King, the new gate is ready. Tomorrow is an ideal day for erecting it. Kindly give me the authority to carry out the sacrifice and the erection of the new gate."

"Tell me," said the King, "what you require for the sacrifice."

"We must sacrifice a Brahman who has a tawny brown complexion, a bald head and a toothless mouth," Pingala said. "The mighty spirits who are to guard this gate should be satiated with the flesh and blood of such a Brahman. Then he should be buried and the new gate erected over him."

"Well," said the King, "find such a Brahman, sacrifice him to the Gods and erect the new gate. You have my permission."

At last Pingala had the King's permission to kill his hated enemy in the name of sacrifice, and Pingala gloated in the success of his devilish scheme.

Going home in glee, he boasted to his wife, "Tomorrow your brother is a dead man! I shall sacrifice him to the new gate!" He was so tipsy with triumph that he did not exercise the least caution in concealing his plan.

"Why should you sacrifice my brother?" the wife asked



him. "How could the King agree to it?"

"I did not tell the King whom I intend to sacrifice. I only told him that I want a Brahman of tawny brown complexion, bald and toothless. And the King agreed. Tomorrow I shall take the guards to your brother's house, show him to them and tell them that he will do for the sacrifice. No one can hinder me from getting him."

The wife did not speak any more on the subject, but that very night she sent word to her brother that he should flee the city before sunrise, acquainting him with her husband's scheme.

Pingala's brother-in-law realised the danger which he faced, collected two or three others of his own description that lived in the city, and left the city before dawn.

In the morning Pingala went to the King and said, "O King, the man who is required for the sacrifice lives in such and such place. Send your men to fetch him here."



The King despatched his men. They went to the place mentioned by Pingala, and learned that the one who was required had fled the city during the night, and came back to report the same to the King.

"What is to be done now?" said the King anxiously. "Where can we find another man of that description?"

"O King," the ministers said, "that is not a great problem. Our *Purohit* answers to that description in all respects. Let him be the sacrificial beast!"



“It can be done, of course,” said the King thoughtfully, “but I shall be short of a *Purohit*. See if you can find someone good enough to substitute him as my *Purohit*.”

“Our *Purohit* has a disciple called Takkariya,” the ministers replied. “He is said to be cleverer than his teacher. You can have that young man as your new *Purohit*.”

“Good!” said the King. Takkariya was sent for. “You shall be my *Purohit* from now on,” the King said to him. “Have this Pingala sacrificed and the new gate erected over his remains.”

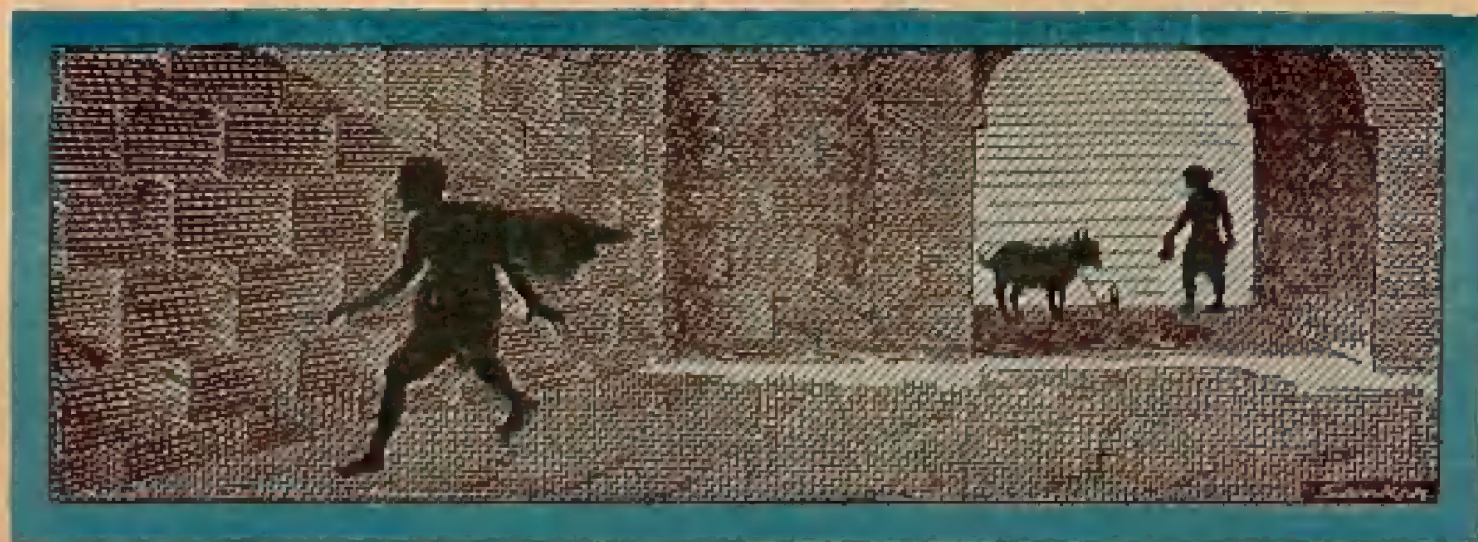
Takkariya proceeded to the South Gate. Pingala was decorated and garlanded like a sacrificial beast, tied hand and foot,

and taken to the South Gate. At the spot where the sacrifice was to be made a deep pit was dug. Takkariya entered the pit with his teacher.

“Ah, my dear fellow,” said Pingala, shedding tears, “see how I myself enter the pit which I have dug for someone else!”

“Sir,” said Takkariya, “one who talks too much is bound to come to grief. But do not be grieved. I shall inform the King that the correct conjunction of the planets does not occur until midnight. I shall so manage that you will be able to escape under the cloak of darkness.”

Thus he arranged the sacrifice at midnight. He let Pingala escape and buried a dead goat in the pit, filled it and erected the new gate before dawn.







## THE HUNTER'S LUCK

EVER since the tragic death of Wolf at the hands of Rabbit, Fox trembled at the very mention of Rabbit. He gave up all idea of measuring his strength against that creature.

So whenever he happened to come across Rabbit, he smiled weakly, said, "How do you do?", and passed on.

Gradually their old friendship was resumed. Each began to call upon the other as before, and spent some time in chit-chat.

One evening, Fox paid Rabbit a visit, chatted with him for a while, and then said, "I intend to go on a hunt tomorrow. I shall start in the morning and come back in the evening. Why

don't you come with me for company's sake?"

"I can't," said Rabbit. "I am too busy. After you come back from the hunt you can give me something useful."

So, the next morning, Fox took a sack and went out to hunt in the jungle.

He caught several wild duck and similar game, placed them in his sack, and started for home in the evening.

Rabbit stayed at home all the day, went out in the evening, and waited by the path along which Fox was to return. As soon as he could hear Fox whistling as he came along, Rabbit lay down on the ground as if dead.



Soon Fox came there, saw a rabbit which was evidently dead, and said, "My, what a fat rabbit! I shall deposit my sack at home and come back for the rabbit! I am just dying to eat rabbit!"

Then he passed on.

As soon as Fox went out of sight, Rabbit got up and flew along a short cut and again lay down across the path of Fox and pretended to be dead. Soon Fox came along, saw another dead rabbit, and said, "Gosh! Another fat rabbit dead! Today there are dead rabbits everywhere. Let me go back and fetch the other one. Here is a treat that should not be missed!"

So saying the Fox dropped his sack and ran back along the

path he had come. At once Rabbit got up, shouldered the sack and went home.

Fox searched and searched but could not find the rabbit. It had just disappeared. Then he came to where he had dropped the sack. To his surprise both the sack and the dead rabbit were gone! He went home tired, hungry and disappointed.

When Rabbit saw Fox again, he asked, "What did you bring back from the hunt, brother? I thought you would be giving me something."

"O yes," Fox replied, "I brought back some solid sense."

"You had no call to hunt for it, you know," Rabbit said "I could have given it to you if only you asked me."







## 9

(When Naravahana declared himself King of Kundalini and Samarsen lay mortally wounded in the battle-field, Siva-dutt had to flee for his life. This he did by availing himself of the secret passage which ran from inside the fort to the hollow of a tree in the forest. But when Siva-dutt and his men emerged out of the passage, Naravahana's men were already there, and a fight between both the parties ensued.)

“Ah, Siva-dutt,” Mandaradeva said, “I must say that luck did not abandon you altogether. For it was almost impossible to face such difficulties and dangers and yet come out alive!”

“I agree with you,” Siva-dutt replied, smiling. “I was not really prepared to confront the enemy in such a large number at the other end of the secret

passage. But, as you say, luck was still with me and I managed to kill with my sword the leader of the enemy contingent. At once the rest of them lost heart and fell an easy prey to our arms. But I did not notice at the time that all the enemy were not killed, and a couple of them sneaked away into the bushes. I knew of this only later.





"The horse which had fallen over his rider was not dead yet, and the man underneath was badly bruised on account of the horse's death struggle. I ordered my men to pull him from beneath the horse. I gave him some water to drink and tried to restore him. For I had a purpose with this man—he could tell me about Samarsen's condition, and I had no other way of knowing about it.

"After drinking the water the man appeared to feel slightly better, and I began to question

him about Samarsen. More than anything else I was anxious to know whether Samarsen was still alive.

"At this question the man groaned, lifted his sad eyes to me, and said, 'Samarsen died about four hours back. Naravahana is now King of this isle!'

"'Is it ture,' I asked the man who appeared to be sinking again, 'that Samarsen was wounded in the battle?'

"'Yes....' the man whispered, and then his head fell sideways and he was dead.

"I was stunned. I tried to realise that Samarsen was no more and found my heart feel eerie. The greatest of all warriors, he died a hero's death, and I prayed for peace unto his soul.

"Now my immediate duty was to take stock of my position and decide the next step. With the blessings of Mother Kundalini I emerged out of the tunnel without much loss. I lost only six of my men in the fight. If I did not at once seek the safety of the forest, Naravahana might be





“I spoke to my men and told them that the island was no longer safe for us. We might manage to hold on to it for a short time, but finally we were bound to quit it. The men agreed with me. They knew that, since Samarsen was no more, not a single sword would rise against Naravahana for the time being.

“We gave our dead a common burial and made for the thickest part of the forest. We walked on for some four miles and came to a tribal village. Soon we were surrounded by a crowd of tribesmen and their children. With our fighting dress and swords we must have presented a strange spectacle to them.

“ ‘Who is the Chief of your village?’ I asked them. ‘I have to talk to him!’ After four or five minutes an old man approached us, asking, ‘Who are you? What brought you to our place?’

“ ‘These persons are thirsty,’  
I told him indicating my men.



'They have not had anything to eat since yesterday. Can you do anything for them?'

"The Chief looked at the other tribesmen and at once each one of them offered to stand host to one of us. Each one of us went with his host to his dwelling. The Chief turned to me and smiled. 'You be my guest!' he said. I was surprised at the hospitality of these uncivilized creatures.

"I accompanied my host to his dwelling, where within the space of half an hour I was



served with an excellent dinner. My host kept searching me with his sharp eyes all the time, but he did not utter a word until I finished eating.

“‘We belong to a hill tribe,’ he began. ‘The stretching jungle is our store-house. We never submitted to an outsider’s rule, no, neither we nor our ancestors!’

“I nodded my head and said nothing. I could not guess even faintly what the man was leading up to.

“‘We are, of course, aware of the changes,’ he went on in his

serious manner, ‘that have been occurring in the country. We get news occasionally. There were occasions when some of you put ideas into the silly heads of our young fellows, and tried to enlist them for your own ends. But, I can say, I have been so far successful in curbing such tendencies in our youth. And now, gentlemen, I find you come to our parts dressed in military fashion. I would like to know what brings you here.’

“Now I knew what the old man was driving at. The only





way of assuaging his fears was to tell him the truth in all its details, and without hesitation I proceeded to do so.

"I told him of Samarsen, of my first meeting with him on the Isle of Sorcery, of the changes that occurred in Kundalini, and lastly of the treacherous role played by Naravahana. Without being too elaborate, I tried to put things clearly before the Chief.

"He continued to search me with his sharp eyes as he said, 'So you are the enemies of those

who are now the masters of the country?'

" 'Precisely,' I replied.

"The Chief bent his head down in deep thought. After a while he looked up and said, 'Perhaps you intend to camp here and attack your enemy as and when you find an opportunity?'

" 'No,' I replied, 'we have no such intention.'

"This assurance of mine seemed to please the Chief mightily. He beamed happily, approached me, took both of my hands in his, and said, 'Pardon me if I









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annoyed you with my questions. If you want to leave the island, I can render you all assistance I am capable of. I ask for only one thing: don't disturb the peaceful tenure of our simple life. If you stay here and attempt to fight your enemy, our life is bound to become miserable!'

"That night I called together all my men and told them how matters stood. My men too felt that we should do our best not to let Naravahana know that we were here and also that we should leave the island at the earliest opportunity. That was only our decision, for that very night things took a different turn and our decision was of no avail.

"That night we slept under the trees. The tribesmen lighted fires near us to keep off the wild beasts of the jungle, and they too slept around the fires. Around midnight we awoke hearing the beating of drums at a distance, and saw that a distant part of the forest was ablaze.

"In a moment the whole village was awake. The Chief



got himself busy arming the young fellows and getting them to stand guard in a circle around the village. He ordered some persons to take torches and go to the village from which the noise of the drums was coming.

" 'What do you make of all this?' I asked the Chief.

" 'It may be any one of several things,' he said clicking his tongue. 'Perhaps a band of elephants have charged on a village, or another band of tribesmen might have attacked us to deprive us of what little wealth we have. Only



I fail to understand that!' He pointed with his finger at the blaze in the distance.

"Suddenly a thought flashed in my mind: did Naravahana attack the tribal villages because of us? My silent question was soon answered when four or five tribesmen arrived where we were, shouting, 'Soldiers are attacking our villages and destroying everything they can lay their hands upon! Some of them are setting fire to the forest!'

"'Never did such a thing happen!' the Chief exclaimed. 'What do they want anyway?'

"Before anyone answered his question, two tribal youths brought a soldier whose hands were securely tied behind him. He was one of Naravahana's

soldiers. The young fellows kept poking their captive in the back as they reported to the Chief, 'This man can give us information. He says that all this forest belongs to his Chief whose name is Subahu!'

"The Chief took a look at me and then turned to the captive, saying, 'Is this true? Can you tell me who has gifted away our forest to your Chief Subahu?'

"'King Naravahana has made a gift of the forest to our commander for his services in the war,' the captive replied. 'From today all the birds, beasts and beings that live here are his property. We were sent to take possession of the properties!' the captive concluded."

*(To be continued)*





## THE JACKAL AND THE TORTOISE

ONE day a jackal failed to find food however much he tried.

At last he came upon a strange creature going along at a slow pace. It was a tortoise. The jackal jumped on the creature, held it by its short tail, and hit it on its back.

But the back of the tortoise was so hard and strong that nothing happened when the jackal hit it—except that the jackal got a sore foot. The tortoise recognised the jackal and said, "Why are you hitting me?"

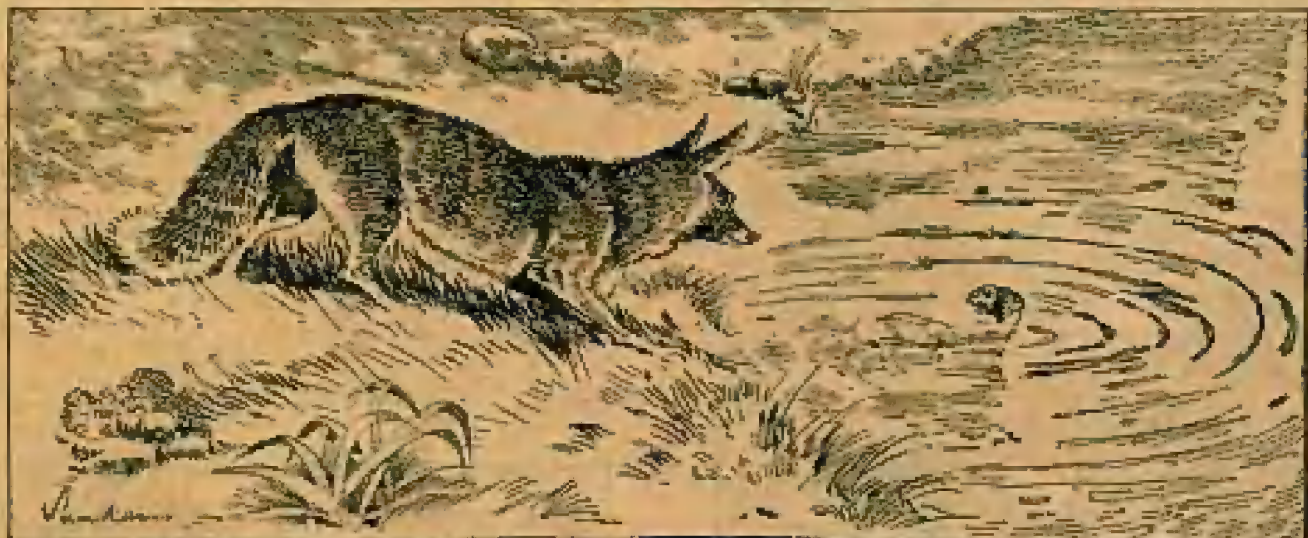
"I want to eat you," said the jackal. "How is it that you have such a hard back?"

"You may drown me," said the tortoise, "but there is no other way you can kill me."

At once the jackal took it to the river nearby, held it under water for some time and then asked it, "Are you dead yet?"

"Pull me out!" said the tortoise. "You are killing me. Leave that root and catch my tail and haul me up!"

Thinking that it was the root of some tree which he was holding, the jackal let go of the tail of the tortoise, and promptly the tortoise swam away.







# Mortal Enemies

VIKRAM once again went back to the tree, took down the corpse, threw it across his shoulder, and began to walk to the burial-ground, when the Bethal of the corpse said, "O King, I am not surprised that you go through this hardship for someone else, when I think of Mani-mantha who attended night and day upon Pradeep, his mortal enemy. Let me tell you his unusual story." And he narrated the following tale:

There was at one time constant war between Anga and Videha, and the two kingdoms were perpetual enemies. At the end of one of those cruel wars Videha was defeated and went under the rule of the King of Anga, who

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Stories of Bethal

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made it his tributary state and crowned his own Commander-in-Chief Mani-mantha as its King. The ex-King of Videha went into exile with his entire family.

The Commander-in-Chief of Videha had died a warrior's death and his son Pradeep ran away to the hills in the middle of the desert which was on the outskirts of Videha. A band of young fighters, who similarly took shelter in the hills after the defeat in battle, elected Pradeep their leader and they together took an oath that they would do everything in their power to free their country from alien domination.

But they had very little in their power. They could not hope to defeat Mani-mantha in battle, seeing that they were only fifteen in number and they had only their swords to fight with. How could they face on the battlefield Mani-mantha who had well equipped armies and arms of every description?

"We cannot sit back because we are few in number and lack



arms," Pradeep told his friends. "If we cannot fight fair, we must fight foul! All is fair in war! Destroying our enemy is our sacred duty!"

So the band of youths began to attack and plunder the caravans that passed between Anga and Videha. As a matter of fact plundering was the only possible method by which they could sustain themselves.

On dark nights they sneaked inside the capital of Videha and murdered such persons as were considered Mani-mantha's



men. In a single night they put to death two of Mani-mantha's sons.

Mani-mantha had ignored Pradeep and his band for some time, thinking that they would come to their senses and realize that what they were doing was obnoxious. But when they killed his sons his ire was roused.

He sent for one of his lieutenants and said to him, "I want you to take a contingent of soldiers and destroy the band of outlaws that operate from the hills. I particularly want you to

take Pradeep alive. You can destroy the rest of them like mad dogs."

The lieutenant took a hundred soldiers with him and marched to the hills in which Pradeep and his band of young men were taking refuge. Moving strategically the lieutenant located and encircled the hideout of the young patriots.

"This is our last fight!" Pradeep exhorted his followers. "Fight desperately, and do not surrender at any cost!" The youths followed his command to





the last letter. Each one of them fought like ten, and by the time the last of them lay dead, Mani-mantha's lieutenant had lost half of his men.

Now Pradeep alone remained alive. The lieutenant found it no joke to catch him alive. Always a good fighter, he was now desperate. The lieutenant could at last disable him by hitting him on the head from behind. He was taken to Mani-mantha in an unconscious state. Though he was not dead, his condition was precarious. The King's physi-

cian gave very little hope of his surviving.

"He should not die!" Mani-mahtha exclaimed. "He must live! Do your utmost to bring him out of the jaws of death."

The physician stayed by the patient night and day, and treated him. For a week Pradeep was completely unconscious, for another three weeks he became conscious only for brief spells.

It was only at the end of the month that the physician gave an assurance that Pradeep was out of danger. During the whole







month neither the physician nor Mani-mantha left the patient's bedside even for a minute.

Mani-mantha's joy knew no bounds when he was assured that Pradeep would live and become well again. Pradeep too was greatly surprised when, on opening his eyes at last, he saw Mani-mantha's face. "Is it you?" he asked in astonishment.

"Yes, my boy," Mani-mantha replied. "You have nothing to fear. I shall give anything to restore you to your normal condition."

Mani-mantha lived up to his word. He was always by the patient's side and nursed him and looked after his needs like a devoted mother. He fed him with his own hand. Pradeep's recovery was more due to the anxious nursing of Mani-mantha than to the treatment.

Pradeep had to learn to walk all over again. Mani-mantha took him by the shoulder and made him walk in the garden step by step. Presently Pradeep could walk without assistance. One day, Mani-mantha asked him, "Can you jump, my boy?" Pradeep tried to, but could not jump.

Three months passed. Mani-mantha asked Pradeep as usual, "Can you jump, my boy?"

"I can!" said Pradeep. He ran some distance and made a good jump.

"That is fine!" said Mani-mantha with immense satisfaction. "Stay here till I come back." Pradeep stood there wondering what Mani-mantha intended to do.



Soon Mani-mantha returned with a couple of swords.

"What are these for?" Pradeep asked.

"We are going to fight a duel!" Mani-mantha replied. His eyes flashed fire.

"A duel?" Pradeep asked, as though he could not believe his ears. "What for!"

"You are my mortal enemy," Mani-mantha said. "You have murdered two of my sons foully. I propose to kill you in a fair fight! I was very much afraid that I wouldn't get a chance to do so, but I have it now!"

He thrust one of the swords on Pradeep, but Pradeep did not take it. He stood with his head bent as in shame.

"Take the sword!" Mani-mantha said. "Until now you fought only the coward's way. At least die like a brave man. You cannot escape fighting me!"

Mani-mantha forced the sword upon Pradeep, but Pradeep stood like one who had lost his head. Even when Mani-mantha attacked him, he raised the sword in



his hand involuntarily, in order to ward off the blow. He fought Mani-mantha all the time only in self-defence.

And yet, in a short time, Pradeep's sword pierced Mani-mantha to his heart. At once Pradeep threw his sword away, covered his face, and wept like a child who had lost his father.

Mani-mantha's death roused the people of Videha. They revolted against their rulers, drove them away from the land, and elected Pradeep as their King. Pradeep paid his debt of



gratitude to Mani-mantha by giving away vast estates to Mani-mantha's progeny.

Having finished the tale, Bethal said, "O King, I have a doubt. Of the two who was the more noble and the more valorous? Mani-mantha who saved the life of his deadly enemy in order to vanquish him in a fair fight, or Pradeep who killed Mani-mantha's sons like a murderer, but hesitated to fight Mani-mantha in a fair duel? If you know the answer and still refuse to speak, your head shall split."

"There is no scope for any doubt here," Vikram replied. "Pradeep is undoubtedly the more valorous of the two. If he indulged in unfair war it was only out of his love for his country, and that too when he

had no way of carrying out a fair fight. The last struggle proved that he was a much better swordsman than Mani-mantha. Whatever nobility Mani-mantha exhibited was feigned and unreal. He spared Pradeep's life hoping to kill him easily in a duel. He also wanted to cut a noble figure with the people of Videha. It never occurred to Mani-mantha that Pradeep could be a really valorous youth. Pradeep too had a similar disillusionment when he found out that Mani-mantha's nobility of heart was not real but assumed. Thus I conclude that Pradeep was a much better person than Mani-mantha in every respect."

The King's silence was broken, and Bethal disappeared with the corpse and went back to the tree.







A. Satya





## THE REVENGE

IN the city of Cairo there once lived a youth whose name was Mansur. One day he caught a pair of nightingales, put them in a cage and hung the cage in front of his house. The birds sang pleasantly, entertaining those that passed the house. Some of them would even stop for a while to enjoy the song before they proceeded on their way.

It so happened that Abu Sefi who was the Chief of the Khalifa's Guards passed Mansur's house. This officer was so cruel and inhuman towards others that he earned the title of "Devil's Son," a name by which everyone in Cairo referred to him. He was actually proud of this title.

Abu stopped to listen to the song of the nightingales. Then he entered Mansur's house and asked Mansur, "Will you sell the birds for a couple of dirhams?"

"They are not for sale," Mansur replied.

Abu steadily raised the bid up to two dinars before Mansur agreed to sell his nightingales. On concluding the bargain, Abu said to Mansur, "I am going home. Follow me with the birds and take your money."

When they reached his house, Abu took the cage from Mansur and went in, saying to Mansur, "Wait here. I shall send you your money."

After waiting a long time, Mansur knocked on the door.



A guard opened the door and asked Mansur, "What do you want? Who are you?"

"I do not know the name of the man who lives in this house," Mansur replied, "but he owes me two dinars."

"The name of the gentleman is Abu Sefi," said the guard, "though he is better known to everyone as 'Devil's son.' He owes to none."

Mansur was irritated. "I do not care," he said, "whether he is the devil's son or the devil's father. He bought my nightin-

gales for two dinars. Let him pay the price or return me my nightingales."

"Young man," said the guard, "do not tempt fate. If you anger my master your life is not worth a dirham. There is not a single man in this city of Cairo who does not dread my master. Go away, for you are very lucky even if you don't get the money. If you stay here long you may have to face great disaster. Please go!"

"I am not afraid, why should you?" Mansur retorted. "Ask







your master to come out once and I shall talk to him,”

The guard looked at Mansur in surprise and then went in to inform his master about this bold fellow. Without waiting, Mansur followed behind the guard and went into the home.

Abu listened to what the guard had to say, and shouted, “What an impertinent fellow! Send him in and I shall pay him as he deserves!”

“Here I am, your honour!” Mansur said, coming forward and standing before Abu.

“Why are you here?” Abu thundered at him.

“An hour ago,” Mansur said, “your honour bought a pair of nightingales from me for two dinars. Kindly pay me my money or return the birds to me and I shall depart.”

“You want money from me, scoundrel?” Abu roared. “Get out at once, or I shall tear you to pieces!”

Mansur realised that he could do nothing, and went away. But he swore to himself that he would not let this injustice go unavenged.

There is a big well not far from Abu’s residence. Many women of the locality come there to take water. Mansur dressed himself like a girl, covered his face with a veil, took a wooden bucket and went to the well. He tarried there till he saw Abu coming that way. Then he pretended to draw water, dropped the bucket, and began to cry in a shrill, feminine voice, “Oh, I dropped it! A new bucket, too! They will kill me! What shall I do now?”



Abu saw a lone girl crying helplessly at the well, approached and asked her, "Why? What happened?"

"There it is!" Mansur said, bending over into the well. "My new bucket!"

Abu also bent over and tried to see the bucket. But Mansur lifted him by his legs, threw him in the well, and went home. That very day he shifted house and went to live in another quarter of the city.

When he fell into the well Abu was only injured but not drowned, for the well was not deep. But he could not come up out of the well without assistance. So he began to shout at the top of his voice, "Pull me out! Help, help!"

Some women who came to draw water at the well heard these cries and were frightened. They looked into the well, but could not see anybody. "Who are you? Are you the devil or his son?" they asked in fear.

Abu thought that he was recognised, and replied, "I am



the Devil's Son! Please pull me out of here!"

The women were terribly frightened. They took up a large stone and threw it down the well, saying, "Take this, son of the devil!"

Then they went away without taking water.

Fortunately the stone missed Abu's head within a few inches.

A rumour went round that the well was haunted by a devil and people were exhorted not to take water from it. Presently the males came to hear of the devil



in the well, and went to investigate the truth of it.

Thanks to the assistance of these males, Abu at last came out of the well, more dead than alive. He was carried to his house on a stretcher.

Abu was bruised all over and he could not have a wink of sleep because of the pain. Several doctors administered to him medicines which gave him no relief.

Mansur learned that Abu had come out of the well, not dead but alive. He knew that Abu would not spare him or his life.

One who had such an enemy had either to die or kill him. So Mansur could not ignore him.

He dressed himself like an aged, hump-backed Hakim with a white beard, took some medicines with him, and went to the street where Abu lived.

Abu's servants saw the Hakim, stopped him and said, "Sir, our master is in great pain. Can you treat him?"

"I can cure any kind of illness!" Mansur told them.

The servants informed Abu about the old Hakim. On hearing





that the Hakim was hump-backed Abu put a lot of confidence in him. For, he thought, those who had any physical handicap were compensated with rare capacities in other directions.

Mansur was shown into Abu's room. He pretended to examine the patient and prepared a horrible mixture, which he asked Abu to swallow.

When he took the medicine Abu began to vomit. "O Hakim," he moaned, "I am dying!"

"What I gave you was an excellent medicine," Mansur replied. "If it does not agree with you it only means that you have some vicious thought. Now, tell me, do you bear malice towards anyone?"

At once Abu remembered Mansur, and said, "Don't talk of malice! Until I choke the life out of a certain young devil I am not going to rest." He ground his teeth in rage.

"You must give up such thoughts," Mansur told him





impatiently. "I cannot cure you if you persist like this."

"Let me be cured when I shall be cured," Abu said resignedly. "I will crush that worm Mansur, as Allah is my witness! How dare he defy me!"

"Your brain is heated," Mansur said. "I must cool it first." Then he sent each one of the servants to fetch a different thing from the market. Then he removed his disguise and said to Abu, "Look, I am Mansur! Pay me my two dinars! You can do nothing to me and I am not afraid of you!"

Abu became so wild that he tried to get out of bed and attack Mansur.

"It is no longer a question of your killing me," Mansur said,

smiling. "I've already poisoned you. See, I've an antedote for it. Give me two hundred dinars, and I'll give you the antedote. If you don't, you'll hardly live for another hour."

Abu was frightened. He brought two hundred dinars and gave them to Mansur, saying, "Don't let me die of the poison! Give me the antedote!"

Mansur looked upon Abu's fear of death and cowardice with contempt.

He took out a phial from his pocket and dropped its contents down Abu's throat. It was sweet and Abu thought that it was a very good antedote.

"Now you will be all right!" Mansur told Abu as he departed with the two hundred dinars.







## SINDBAD THE SAILOR

I decided not to make any more voyages.

I was getting old, and I began to develop a craving for the peace of my home and an aversion to prolonged stay in alien lands. I had had my share of dangers and hardships. I was the richest man in Baghdad, and the Khalifa often sent for me and made me recite my adventures to him.

One day, Khalifa Harun al-Rashid sent for me. As I was about to start narrating the adventures of my voyages, he said, "Sindbad, I have prepared a reply to the King of Ethiopia. I have also got ready some gifts for him. I want you to convey them to him. You know the place well and he will be glad to see you again. I want you to start today. Let us not keep him waiting for our reply."

I felt my eyes cloud over and I was in confusion. But I did not want to anger

SEVENTH VOYAGE

CHITRA





the Khalifa by betraying my emotion, and I told him that I was ready for the voyage. The Khalifa handed me a thousand dinars for expenses, his reply and the gifts which I had to convey to the King of Ethiopia. Among the gifts there were a mattress of red velvet, two quilts of different colours, a hundred robes of silk, a vase of white carnelian, and a pair of Arab horses.

It was with utmost reluctance that I left Baghdad, went to Basrah and took a ship. After sailing for a couple of months I

arrived on the isle where the King of Ethiopia lived. I gave the King the letter from the Khalifa as well as the presents. He admired the Khalifa's friendliness and pressed me to stay with him for a long time. I stayed, however, only for a few days and then bade him good-bye. I went aboard a ship that was going to Basrah, taking with me some more presents from the King of Ethiopia.

The wind was favourable and our voyage quite pleasant. On the way we touched the Sun Island where the merchants traded. A week after we left this island we experienced a heavy rain. We covered our cargo with canvas so that it did not get soaked, and prayed to Allah.

The Captain, who had climbed up the mast and peered all round for a long time, at last came down, and we noticed that his face was quite pale. He looked at us with lack-lustre eyes and began to tear at his beard silently. We ran to him and asked him what the matter was.



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"Pray to Allah!" he said. "For He alone can save us! Or, have a good cry and bid one another good-bye. I may as well tell you, we've lost our way and come to a strange sea where no ship has ever sailed."

Then he opened his chest, took out some snuff, sniffed it up his nose, took out a small book, read a few pages, and turned to us saying, "Ah, my worst fears are confirmed. The land that we see on the horizon is dangerous. There are frightful monsters and serpents on it. As for this sea, there are whales in it which can swallow an entire ship. Now you know the worst. Farewell!"

He hardly finished speaking when suddenly the whole boat was lifted up and dropped down again on the waves. We froze with terror. The ocean was churned into foam because of three whales which looked like mountains. These whales were chasing our ship. The biggest of them opened its mouth, which reminded me of a mountain



valley, and caught hold of the ship. Before the monster swallowed up the ship, I managed to jump into the sea. The next moment the ship disappeared into the mouth of the monster. Then the three whales dived into the sea and swam away.

I caught hold of a plank of wood, a piece of the ship which fell out when the largest whale grabbed the ship, and clambered upon it. I was tossed about by the waves until I was thrown upon the shore of an island. On this island I found many

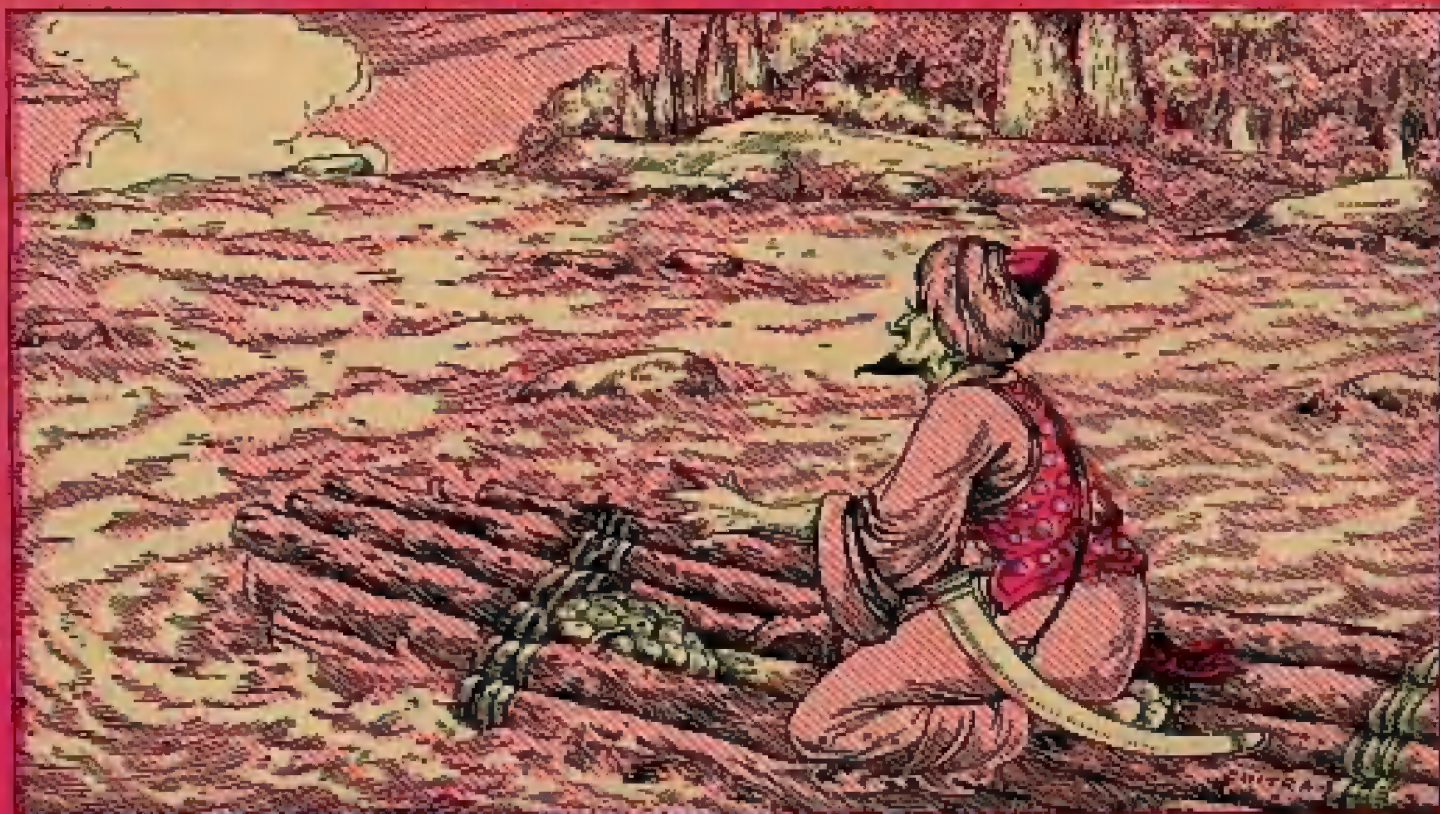


fruit trees and a swift-flowing river. I thought of making use of this river for my travel, since it was a river that saved me when I was stranded on the isle of precious stones. If this river did not take me to a place of safety it was bound to end all my troubles, making this my last voyage.

I satisfied my hunger with the fruit, collected some branches of a tree, and made myself a float. I did not know at the time that my float was made of the branches of the sandalwood tree.

I had no ropes to bind the branches together, so I selected some strong creepers and prepared a rope. I placed a heap of fruit upon my float and got upon it. The moment I pushed it into the water, the float began to fly like an arrow. My head reeled because of its speed and I fell forward unconscious on the heap of fruit.

Presently I came to again and was horrified by a thunderous roar. I looked around and noticed that the river was flowing with a tremendous speed. In





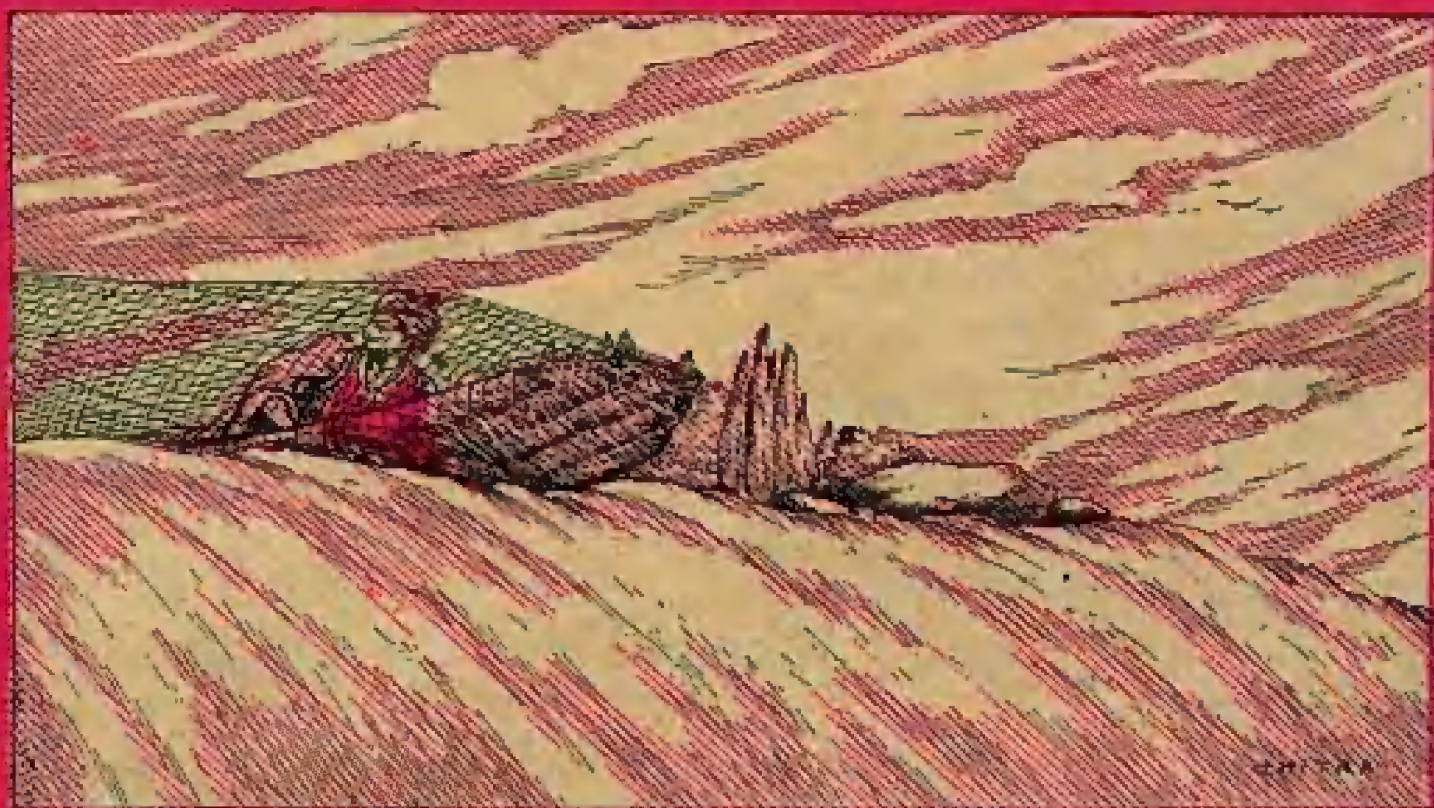
front of me I noticed that the river seemed to end abruptly. Now I knew that there was a cataract where the river seemed to end, and the thunderous roar proceeded from the falling water. I was heading for that cataract.

I was doomed. Unable to see myself fall headlong down the cataract and get crushed to pulp on the rocks below, I shut my eyes and hugged the float. My mind was filled entirely with thoughts of Allah.

My raft was now over the spot where the water fell. I even felt

it tilt downwards. But the next moment it stopped dead. In utter surprise I opened my eyes, lifted my head, and noticed that I and my raft were caught in a net. I saw the people who had thrown the net standing on the bank of the river. They pulled on the net and got me out.

I lay down on the bank, shivering with cold, more dead than alive. An old man with a white beard said some kind words to me and covered me with warm clothes. He massaged my body till I felt warm and strong again.









I could sit up but could not speak. The old man made me walk up to a bathing place, gave me a refreshing bath and had my body anointed with fragrant oils. Then he took me to his house. The members of his family were very friendly towards me. They offered me a good seat and a hearty meal. Then my host showed me to a room which was set apart for me, left some slaves to do my biddings, and went away to look to his affairs.

I was there for three days, but during that time neither my host nor his family tried to get any information from me. During these three days I regained my normal health and energy.

On the fourth day my host came to me. "I hope you lack for nothing," he said. "Allah willed that I should be at that spot to save you in time. But who are you? Where from have you come?"

I thanked the gentleman for what he had done to me, and told him my tale. I informed him that I was a merchant who



had made several voyages. The old man listened to my story and finally said, "I advise you to sell your cargo, for it will fetch a good price here."

His words surprised me greatly. I did not understand what he was talking about. For I had nothing with me except the clothes I had on. I had no cargo at all. But I did not wish to say so to my host. I told him that the matter could be seen into.

"It is the simplest thing on earth," my host persisted. "Come with me to the market. We shall



sell only if we get a good bid. Otherwise the merchandise shall remain in my godown."

"Do as you please, sir," I said. "I am entirely in your hands. Use your best judgment. You need not even inform me what you propose to do."

Then we proceeded to the market place. There, to my surprise, I saw my ferry being examined by merchants and brokers. I could hear them exclaim, "By Allah, the best variety of sandalwood! Never saw anything like it before!" Then only did I know what my cargo was, and I put on a proud and reserved expression.

The old man gave the signal for the auction. Someone made a bid of one thousand dinars and the old man raised it to two

thousand. It was then raised to three thousand. When the bidding reached a figure of ten thousand, the auctioneer turned to me and asked me if I would accept the amount. I told him that I would not.

The old man turned to me and said, "Son, ten thousand is a fair price considering the present state of the market. If you are agreeable, I shall add another hundred and buy the stuff myself."

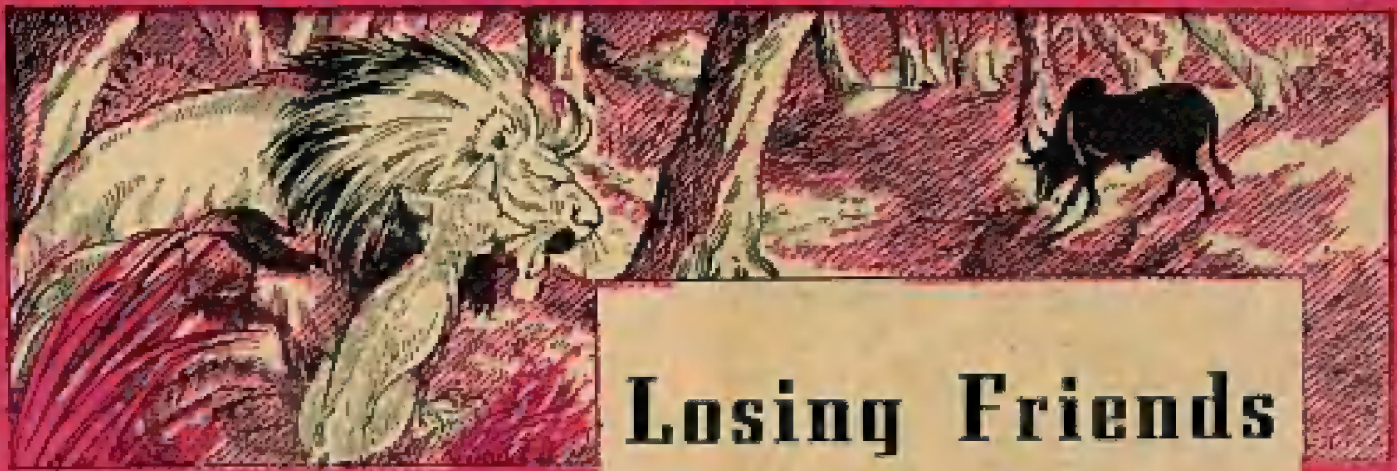
"Sir," I said, "if you want to buy it, I have nothing to say. It is yours!"

The old man asked his slaves to take the float to his godown, and we returned home. There he handed over to me the ten thousand and one hundred dinars.

*(To be concluded)*







## Losing Friends

**A**FTER Damanaka's departure, Sanjivaka was in a fix. "I who eat grass" he said to himself, "have found asylum with those who eat raw meat. I am totally helpless and alone. The lion himself must protect me. If he does not, there is no escape for me. I cannot run away either."

Straight away he went to the King. Even as the jackal had warned him, the lion gave him suspicious looks. Evidently he read treachery in the bull's face, for he attacked the bull fiercely. The bull, who was no longer afraid, returned the attack, and they began to fight.

In the meantime, the jackals began to converse as follows: Said Karataka: "See what

you have done. What can you gain if they kill each other? Wise men find good solutions to problems; they do not provoke quarrels. As ministers we should patch up quarrels. I am very much worried that they both will die. The King was hasty in listening to you. Bad counsel is bound to produce evil results. Let me illustrate the point with a tale."

### THE FOOLISH MONKEY

There was a certain tree in a certain forest (said Karataka.) On this tree lived a pair of birds. It was winter and rain was falling. A monkey sought the protection of the tree and sat shivering.

The birds by way of friendly advice said to him, "You who





so much resemble man, why don't you protect yourself from cold instead of shivering helplessly?"

"Don't try to teach me," said the monkey in anger. "Who are you to tell me what I should do? Shut up, or I shall squeeze you dead."

"Don't be cross for nothing," the birds said. "Build a nice house which will keep you smug and warm during the winter. See how we built our nest."

The monkey was enraged. He stood up and kicked away the nest of the birds.

"So," said Karataka, "it is not wise to give good advice to a fool. An intelligent person can benefit by advice, the fool never. The fool is satisfied if the others come to harm, even if he were to die meanwhile. Have you not heard the legend of the fool?"

"No, my friend," Damanaka replied. "Let me hear it."

#### THE RIGHTEOUS MAN

In a certain village (said Karataka) there were two friends, Righteous and Unrighteous. Unrighteous wanted to earn wealth with the aid of his friend, and said to him, "My friend, we must see the world and become wise. For seeing the world is an education in itself. So let us go on a tour."

And they started. They saw many countries, went to many cities, and amassed a good deal of wealth.

Then they started for home. On the way the wicked fellow said to his friend, "Look, we should not take all this wealth home. If we do we are



sure to be fleeced by all sorts of persons. They will beg for loans and help, and we will not be able to refuse them. Let us bury most of our wealth somewhere in this forest and go home with only a limited amount. Nobody will tease us and we can live happily."

Righteous agreed. The treasure was buried in the forest and the friends went home. They kept their secret to themselves. Some days elapsed. Righteous had not a worry, but Unrighteous could not sleep during the nights thinking of the buried treasure.

At last he secretly went to the spot where the treasure was buried, dug up the entire treasure, covered the pit again and came home. Now only was his mind at rest, and he could sleep.

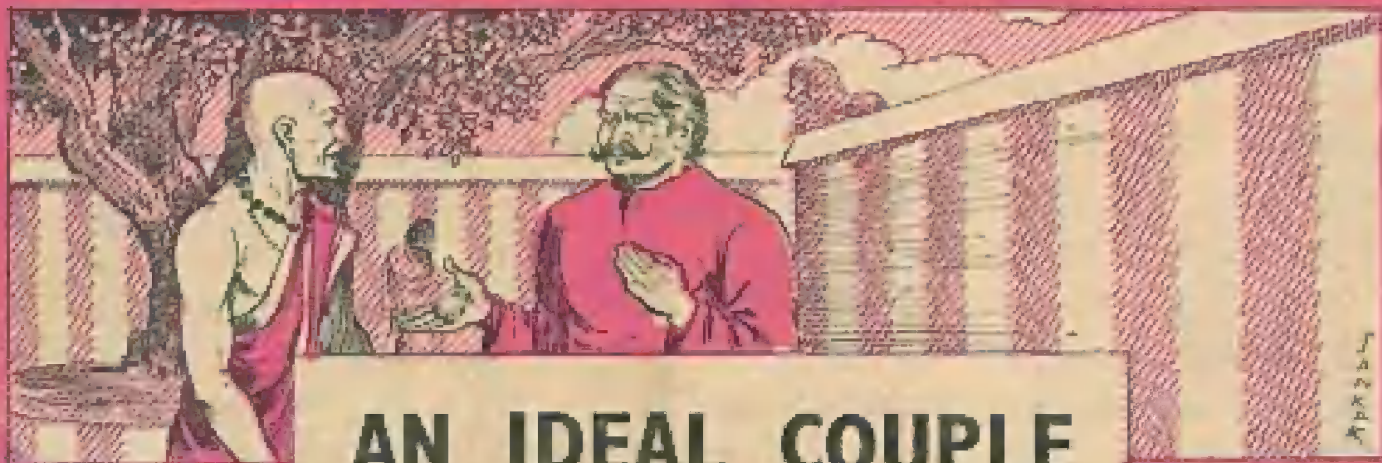
After a time Righteous had spent all his money. So he went to his friend and said, "I've spent my share of the money. Let us go and dig up some more of our hoard."



The other agreed. They went to the forest and began to dig. Soon it was evident that the treasure was gone. "Ah you scoundrel," shouted the wicked one, "you have swindled me, ruined me! It is undoubtedly your doing. Now I demand my half share of the treasure."

Righteous protested that he knew nothing, but the other would not listen. He rushed to the Court and complained. The secret of the hoard was known only to both of them, he said, and it was gone!





## AN IDEAL COUPLE

IN the city of Prayag there once lived a merchant who was both rich and generous. His wife was as noble as her husband. They were an ideal couple; the only blot on their happiness was their only son, Sasi-ketu.

Sasi-ketu was an incorrigible fellow. Very early in his life he went under the influence of evil friends and took to avil ways. All his father's admonitions and his mother's entreaties were of no avail. He not only did not change but actually went from bad to worse. His parents were perpetually grieved and ashamed because of him.

The merchant had a close friend in a *pujari*, and the former sought the latter's advice regarding the future of his son.

"I am afraid," said the merchant, "that I made a blunder in thinking that Sasi would be cured of his evil ways as he became older. Instead, he seems to become worse as he grows up. Now that hope is lost. Please tell me what I can do to improve his nature. My wife is ill mostly because of worry regarding the boy. Unless he improves soon, she is sure to die!"

"I must speak out the truth," said the *pujari* gravely. "It was the goodness of the both of you that has spoiled the boy. Even now he feels the security of your goodness when he does all sorts of unmannerly things. Send him away to a distant place, where he will not have any security, nor money to squander



away. He will be forced to fend for himself and will learn responsibility. Under such circumstances he is bound to turn a new leaf, acquire good habits and become competent."

The merchant was satisfied with this suggestion. He called his son and said, "My son, I want you to go to a distant place and make good. Where would you like to go?"

"Please send me to Banaras!" Sasi-ketu replied. He had learned from his friends that Banaras was a city where there was unlimited

scope for adventure and perpetration of evil.

The *pujari* had a relation at Banaras. So he gave Sasi-ketu a letter of introduction with which the boy started for Banaras.

The idea of sending the boy to a far-off place appeared to have borne fruit for a time. For the *pujari* got letters from his relation at Banaras, and they spoke well of the boy. The *pujari* read these letters to the merchant and his wife. The couple were happy that their son was at last showing signs of improvement.







And then without warning the tragedy occurred. Sasi-ketu and some drunkards were gambling, when they had a quarrel. The quarrel resulted in a scuffle and and Sasi-ketu was stabbed to death. The *pujari* received a letter from his relation explaining all the details.

It was now plain to the *pujari* that Sasi-ketu never changed. He did not know how to break this news to his friend, the merchant. He decided to tell the sad news to the merchant alone, since the old lady was ailing in bed.

Hearing about the tragic death of his only son, the merchant was stunned. But he did not shed tears over it. "I have been anticipating some such calamity for a very long time," he said to the *pujari*. "So this was not quite unexpected. Only, we thought that he would mend himself in a distant place, but he didn't. He was not one to change so easily."

Then he requested the *pujari* to keep the news from his wife. "She is really very ill," he said. "Her heart will break if she knows of the boy's death. She is not going to live long. Let her be happy in the thought that her son is prospering somewhere. I request you to read to her letters from your relation, and assure her of the boy's progress."

"Yes, of course!" the *pujari* said. "I shall do even as you say. Let us do what we can to make the rest of her days as pleasant as possible."

Once a month the *pujari* would go to the merchant's house, and say, "Another letter from Bana-



ras! Your son wants you to know that he is doing well. My relation assures me that your boy is sure to be engaged at Court any day now!"

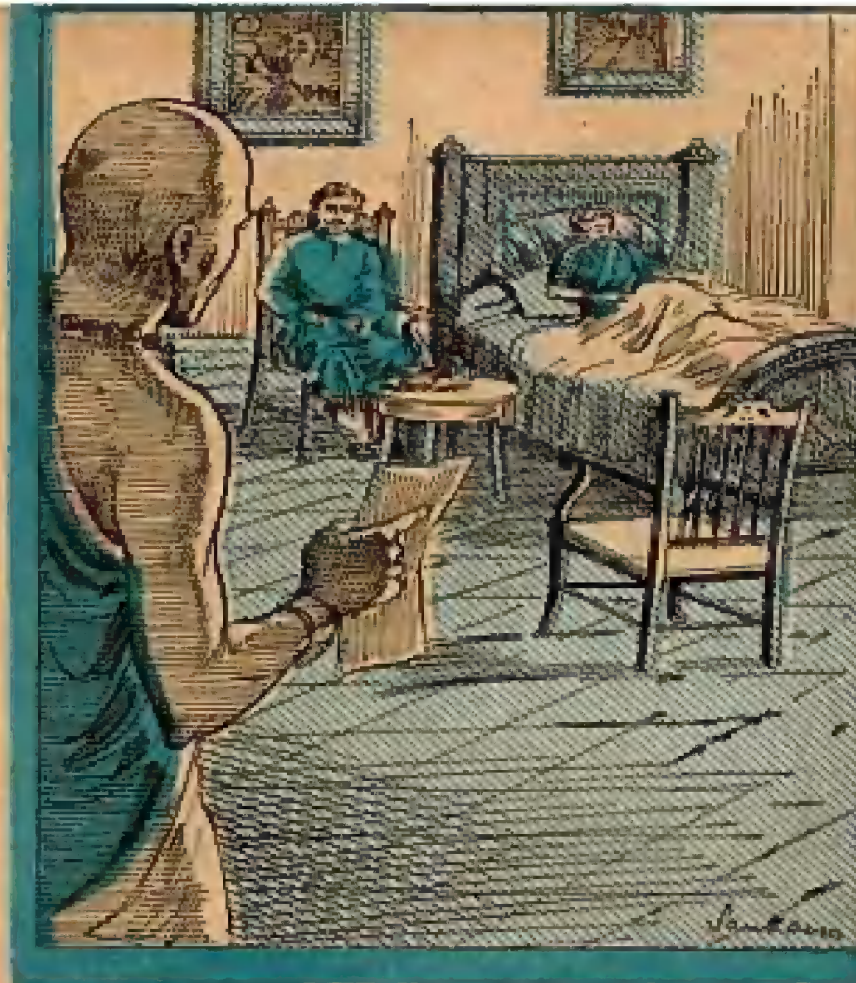
Another time he would say, "It is all settled. Your boy is going to be a courtier from the next Full Moon day."

Then he would say, "I am very happy to inform you that the King is personally interested in finding a suitable bride for your boy! Ah, the lucky fellow!"

And then he said, one day, "Your boy is extremely anxious to see both of you. He has asked for leave and is starting as soon as the leave is granted."

The *pujari* was the most welcome person in the merchant's house. The couple listened to every word he uttered with the greatest happiness and eagerness. Though the merchant's wife was bed-ridden she showed some amination, hid all her pains, and talked enthusiastically in the *pujari's* presence.

"How I am deceiving this noble lady!" the *pujari* would



say to himself. But he reasoned that what he did was correct when he noticed the pleasure with which she heard to his false reports about her son. "Considering the happiness of the poor soul, what I do is quite correct," he would tell himself.

Four years elapsed. All the time the merchant's wife grew steadily worse, a victim to consumption.

Now she was very near her end. The *pujari* got information that she was going to die within a few hours, and went to see her.



The merchant was gone out at the moment.

"I am departing!" she said to the *pujari*. "please look after the old man!"

"That is all nonsense!" the *pujari* assured her. "You are going to get well yet. Why, your son is even now on his way here. I have just received a letter. Some pilgrims from Banaras brought it. You are going to see your Sasi soon."

The patient smiled weakly. "That is true enough!" she said. "We shall be soon seeing each other in the other world!... Do not be surprised! I have known for a long time that my Sasi was dead. But I want to thank your relation who is in Banaras. He is so noble! If the

old man had known of Sasi's death he would not have recovered from the blow! Now promise me that you will keep the secret from him as long as he lives. I cannot die peacefully unless you make the promise. Let him never know that Sasi is dead. That is my only wish!"

Then she closed her eyes forever.

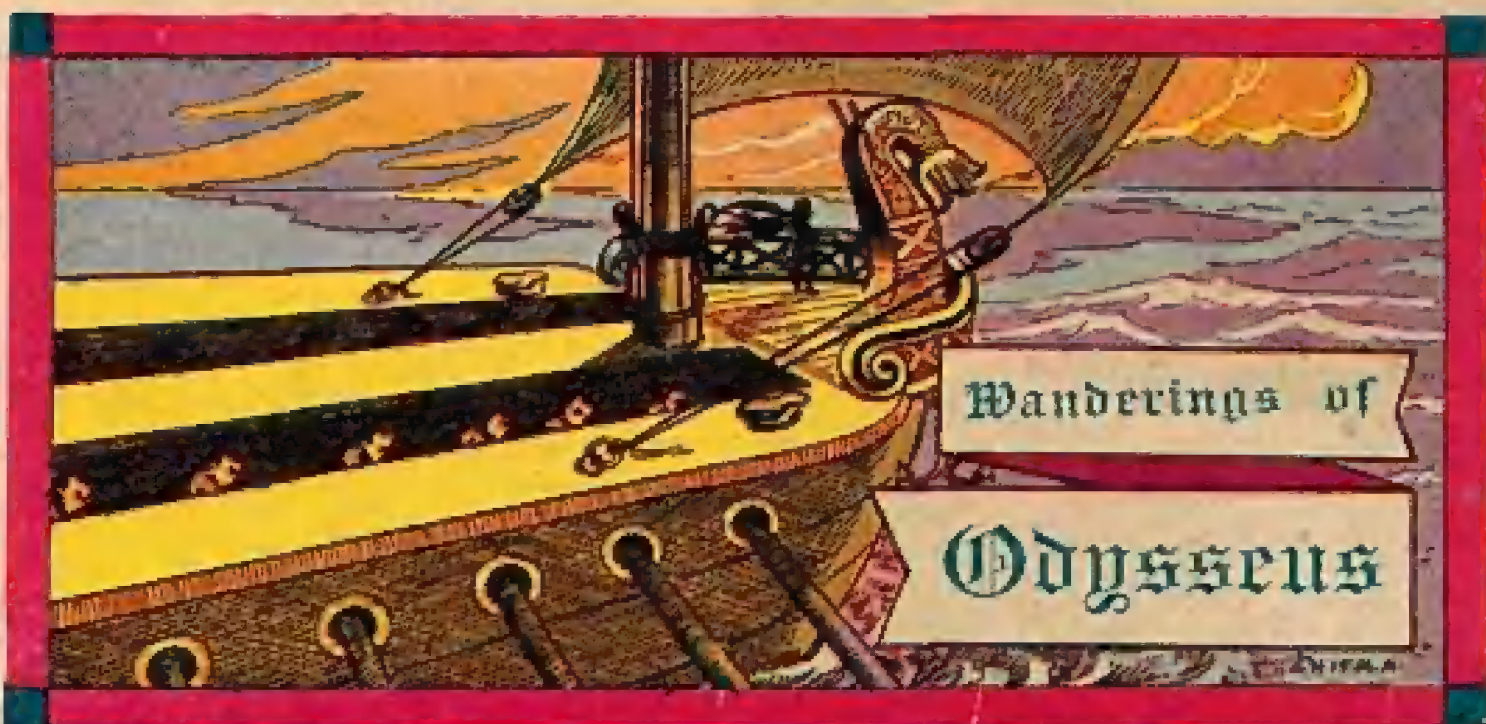
The *pujari* was not sad; he felt greatly elated.

What an ideal couple! In order to keep each other happy they had concealed in their breasts a terrible fire that must have caused more pain for want of sharing.

The *pujari* went home blessing the noble merchant and his equally noble wife.







[The story of Helen of Troy, which is now familiar to our readers, tells us how Paris, son of Priam, eloped with Helen, wife of Menelaus of Sparta, and how the Greeks made war on Troy for ten years and at last sacked and destroyed it with the help of a wooden horse.

One of the prominent warriors on the Greek side was Odysseus. Even when he joined the expedition against Troy it was predicted that he would not come back home for twenty years. Of these twenty years ten were spent in war and for another ten years Odysseus wandered across the seas, undergoing quite extraordinary experiences.

The story of these wanderings begins in this issue.]

ON leaving the shores of Troy the ships of Odysseus encountered contrary winds. Instead of sailing south they drifted north, and arrived at Ismaros where lived the Ciconians.

Odysseus made an attack on the city with his forces and destroyed it. His men killed the men of the city but spared the women, cattle and goods. These they divided so that each man got a fair share.

"The sooner we leave this place the better," Odysseus told his men.





But the men did not heed him, for they drank large quantities of wine which they had found in the city. They killed plenty of sheep on the beach and prepared for a large feast.

In the meantime some of the Ciconians who had escaped from the city went inland and came back with a large force which consisted of warriors who could fight from chariots as well as on foot.

At the hour of dawn they attacked Odysseus and his men like a swarm of locusts, and a terrible

fight ensued. The Ciconians who outnumbered the Greeks gained the upperhand by noon. The Greek casualties were such that on the average each Greek ship lost six men. The rest jumped back into their ships and pushed off.

The ships were out on the sea only for a short time before a terrific wind began to blow from the north-west. Dark clouds came over the land as well as the sea, and it fell dark. The mighty wind which blew the ships along tore the sails of the ships to shreds.

Odysseus feared that they were all going to die. He ordered his men to lower the sails and row the ships to the shore, which they did. But for two entire days they lay on the shore anxiously awaiting the stopping of the storm. During this time they could not see the sun.

They regained confidence only when they saw the streaks of dawn on the morning of the third day. Then they set up the masts and hoisted new sails.



The ships began to sail along with the wind while the men sat still, doing nothing.

Everything appeared to be going smoothly, for in four days the ships reached Cape Malea. Rounding the Cape, the ships could reach Ithaca in a short time.

Odysseus gave orders that the ships should double Cape Malea, but at that very moment the north-west wind caught the ships and drifted them outside Cythera.

For nine days and nine nights the wind played havoc with the ships and on the tenth day they touched a shore. But the Greeks were not destined to stay here for any length of time.

For this was the land of the lotus-eaters. The lotus fruit was sweet as honey. It had neither seed nor stone. Those who ate these fruit were filled with a sense of profound joy in which they forgot everything else.

Odysseus did not know all this. He and his men cooked food and ate it on the shore.



Then he sent three of his men to find out what sort of men inhabited the country.

The natives did no harm to the three Greeks. On the contrary they treated the strangers to some of the fruit which they were eating. The poor fellows ate the fruit and were immediately so immersed in a strange ecstasy that they forgot the errand on which they had come, and stayed with the natives.

Odysseus was surprised that his men did not come back. He took some more of his men and



came in search of his missing companions. At last he saw them and realised what had happened. He declined the fruit which the natives offered him, shrewdly suspecting the effect they had upon those who ate them.

He seized his merry companions and dragged them back to the ships, while they protested, "Leave us alone! We want to stay here! We don't want to go with you!" Odysseus bound them with ropes and pushed

them into the ships and ordered that the ships should set sail at once, because the place was quite dangerous.

The ships sailed the sea for some days and one night unexpectedly touched shore.

The Greeks did not know what sort of country they had come to. For, though there was a moon in the sky, there were thick clouds covering it up. Also, there was a dense fog covering the sea, and visibility was very poor.





Hoping to gain knowledge next morning, the Greeks lowered the sails, went ashore, lay themselves down on the beach and went to sleep.

On waking up in the morning, they could see that it was an island. They wandered about enjoying the remarkable beauty of the place which attracted them greatly.

Fruit trees of all varieties grew here abundantly. Everywhere there were grape vines heavy with bunches of fruit. The soil appear-

ed to be very rich, though there were no traces of cultivation anywhere. But water was so abundant that any crop could be easily raised upon the soil without cultivation.

The Greeks did not go very far from their ships when they came upon a herd of wild goats. At once they rushed back to their ships, seized bows and arrows and spears, with which they killed as many goats as they could. When they divided the goats, each one of the twelve ships got nine. So







the Greeks cooked and ate them all the day.

Though they spent the entire day near their ships they could see that human beings lived upon this island, because in the evening they saw here and there smoke of the kitchen fires rising into the sky.

Odysseus awoke very early next morning and said to his men: "I shall sail my ship up the coast and find out whether the people of this country are civilized or wild, and whether they live in a society. I want the

other ships and men to remain here till I come back."

Odysseus took his ship along the coast of the island. After a time he saw a cave not far from the shore. The cave was on a headland. It was shaded with laurels. Outside it was an enclosure with high wall consisting of large stone and trunks of trees.

Tying up his ship opposite to the cave, Odysseus selected twelve of his best men to accompany him, took a goatskin of rare wine, and made for the cave.

This wine was so rare that no one knew about it. When Odysseus had sacked Ismaros, he had spared the priest of Apollo who lived there. In return the priest had given Odysseus not only large quantities of gold and silver but also a dozen jars of a remarkable wine which could be mixed with twenty times its quantity of water and still retained its excellent taste and fragrance.

Odysseus and his dozen companions soon reached the





cave. They found no one in the cave which was very spacious. There were many pens in it and each pen contained lambs or kids of a particular age. There were baskets filled with cheeses, pots and pans containing whey, and several pails and basins which were used for storing milk.

"Let us collect these cheeses and be off!" suggested some of the men.

"Let us drive these lambs and kids to our boats!" some others suggested.

But Odysseus did not listen to them. He wanted to meet the person who dwelt in the cave, not knowing who he would turn out to be.

So, the Greeks helped themselves to the cheeses and awaited their host.

At last he came. Even before the Greeks saw him they heard something crash into the cave with a terrific noise. They found that it was a gigantic bundle of huge trunks of dry trees! Then the person entered the cave, bending low.



Seeing him the Greeks scattered away and concealed themselves like mice.

For the man was as tall as a palm tree when he stood erect. He had only one eye and it was glowing like a hot coal in the middle of his forehead.

This giant drove a heard of extremely fat sheep into the cave. Then he easily lifted up a gigantic rock and covered the entrance with it. The rock was so heavy that twenty pairs of oxen could not have moved it. Then he milked all the ewes and goats



and put the lambs and kids under them.

The giant whose name was Polyphemos belonged to the race of Cyclops. There were many Cyclops on this island but they did not live in a society. Each family lived by itself in a cave and the caves were scattered. Each family had its own joys and sorrows, and others did not share them. They did not know cultivation, but the soil was so rich that they could raise barley and other crops without cultivating the land.

Once in a year they collected the crop and brought it home. All the rest of the time they spent herding their large flocks and tending them from dawn to dusk. Grazing on rich pastures the

flocks put on good fat. These giants knew little else than tending their flocks.

Of navigation, sailing and boat-building they knew nothing though they had been living by the sea for generations. In short, they were quite barbarous without a trace of civilization.

Having milked his ewes and goats, Polyphemos made cheeses out of half the milk and placed them in the basket. The rest of the milk he stored in bowls. Then he made a fire, and in the light of the fire he saw that he had guests.

Rolling his eye from side to side, he said, "Who are you?" in a voice that echoed between the walls of the cave like a clap of thunder. *(To be continued)*







## Blind Justice

THERE were three blind beggars of Baghdad who begged in the streets all day, spent a part of their earnings on their food, and hoarded the rest in a common pool. They lived together and their savings were worth twelve hundred silver dirhams.

One day, one of these blind beggars knocked on the door of a house in a particular street.

"Who is it?" the master of the house asked from within.

But the beggar repeated his knock without replying. For he knew that the door would not be opened to a beggar.

"Who is it?" the master of the house inquired again. Getting no reply to his query, he opened the door, saw the beggar, and asked him, "Who are you?"

"Have pity on a blind beggar, master!" the beggar said.

"Take hold of my hand and follow me in!" said the master of the house, extending his hand.

The baggar was overjoyed and followed the master of the house right up to the third storey.

"Now," said the master of the house, "sit down and tell me what you want."

"I am hungry, master," said the beggar. "Give me some food, or money to buy food with."

"So?" said the master of the house. "You have come to the wrong house, my friend. You won't get any alms here."

"You could have told this to me in the street," the beggar grumbled, "instead of making me come up all those steps!"



“Why did you not tell me who you were when I asked you?” the master of the house retorted.

“Well, what is your pleasure?” the beggar asked.

“I have nothing to offer you,” the other said.

“In that case,” said the beggar, “kindly lead me out.”

“Certainly not,” said the master of the house. “Find your way out yourself.”

The beggar heaved a sigh and got up. He groped his way to the top of the stairs and began to descend. He slipped on the

steps many times, and at last found the street, moaning and grumbling.

His companions also came to that spot just at that moment. They recognised their comrade and asked him, “What happened?”

The first beggar told his companions what transpired, and said, “I cannot go the rounds today. Give me a dirham and I shall buy some food.”

“We fared no better,” the others replied. “We earned nothing. Let us go home.”





Now, the master of the house heard every word that passed between them. He was a notorious thief. He had followed the blind beggar into the street and overheard the conversation. Then he followed them to their house.

The beggars opened the door of their house, went in and bolted the door on the inside. But the thief managed to slip in before they closed the door.

The beggars brought out their chest and counted their savings which amounted to twelve

hundred dirhams. Out of these they took one, and one of the blind men went out and returned with food. As the three beggars ate the food, the thief joined them and helped himself.

"I can hear four mouths munching," one of the blind men exclaimed. "Who is the fourth man? A thief!" At once the other two shouted, "Thief! Thief!"

These cries attracted many persons and a crowd gathered outside the house. As people came in to find out what happened, the thief too closed his





eyes and pretended to be one of the blind men. "Good people," he said, "take us to the Superintendent. I have a secret to tell him."

So the four men were marched off to the Superintendent.

"Who are these men?" the officer inquired. "What are they doing here?"

"Your highness," one of the beggars said, "we are three blind beggars. But a thief has sneaked into our house and is trying to rob us of our savings."

"Who is that thief?" the Superintendent asked. "Speak the truth!"

"Who would speak the truth," said the thief, "unless he feels the lash on his back?"

"All right," said the Superintendent to his guards, "whip this

blind fellow until he speaks the truth."

But before the whip lashed him even twice, the thief opened his eyes and said, "I beg your pardon, master. I shall tell you the truth. The four of us have been begging in the city pretending to be blind, and we have hoarded a sum of twelve hundred dirhams. Since I have told the truth, let me have my share and go away. If you use the whip properly, they too will confess!"

The Superintendent believed the thief. He gave him three hundred dirhams and let him go. Then he had the three blind men whipped mercilessly till they fainted. Finding that they did not open their eyes even then, the Superintendent appropriated the rest of their savings.





## THE CLEVER MERCHANT

ONE day a merchant was making a journey on horse-back when on the way he came upon a knight journeying in the same direction. Soon it fell dark and the two travellers found a place to sleep. "If both of us sleep robbers may take our horses away," said the knight.

"My horse is white and is visible even from a long distance," said the merchant, "but yours is dark and needs guarding. You had better keep watch."

"I am very sleepy," said the knight. "So I shall change horses with you though mine is young and yours old."

"Even then you will have to keep awake," said the merchant, "for the robbers can easily spot your white horse."

"Then," said the knight, "I am not swapping my horse."

"Please yourself," said the merchant. He lay down and was soon snoring. The knight got up stealthily, untied the merchant's horse, and then went to sleep. The merchant, who was not really sleeping, got up, brought back his white horse, untied the knight's horse and lay down to sleep again. In the morning the knight found his horse gone. "Where is my horse?" he asked the merchant.

"The robbers must have taken it," said the merchant as he got upon his horse and rode away. "I told you that you should have watched it."







## Redemption



ONCE there lived in Kumar-nagar a Brahman called Vishnu-bhuti. He had a son named Deva-bhuti. This boy was exceedingly intelligent and quickly mastered all the scriptures and all the sciences. But his spirit led him astray, he committed heinous sins, and became a goblin when he died.

It was only after becoming a goblin that Deva-bhuti learned wisdom. In order to redeem himself the goblin thought of imparting his learning to a deserving young man. He made his home on a pipal tree in the forest and chanted the *vedas*.

Although he was once a learned Brahman he was now a goblin. So he used to kill and eat such wild beasts as came within his

reach. If any human beings came near the tree, he would accost them. Realising that a goblin was talking to them, they would run away in panic. Soon everyone knew that a goblin haunted the pipal tree.

Not long after Deva-bhuti became a goblin, a youth came to Kumar-nagar. This youth, whose name was Gonardiya, had his share of learning at Banaras, which was his native place. Not satisfied with what he had learned, he started in search of a teacher who could teach him more.

The pandits of Kumar-nagar tested him and said to him, "Son, you already know what all we know. The one person who could have probably added to your store of knowledge is now a goblin



haunting a pipal tree in the forest."

"Then," said Gonardiya, "I shall pay him a visit."

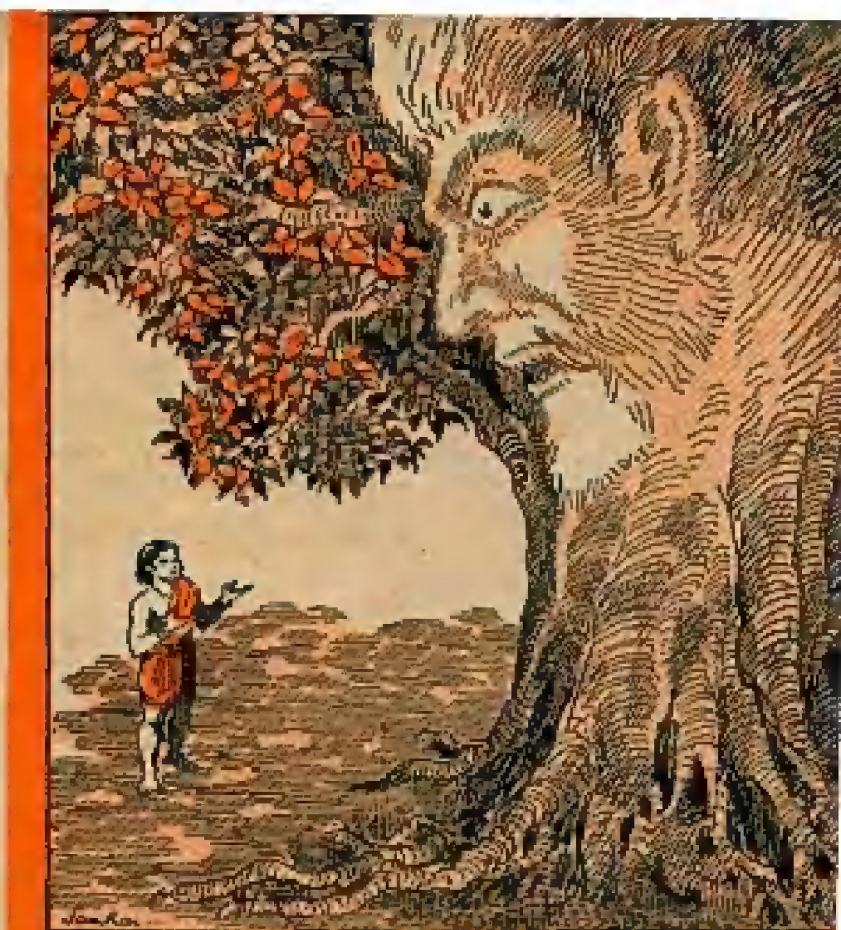
"No, no!" they told him. "Don't be rash. Be satisfied with what you have got which is not inconsiderable."

But the young man was bent upon meeting the frightful goblin at all cost. Making inquiries here and there, he found his way to the haunted pipal. He heard the vedic chant coming from the tree. sat under the tree and began to chant in unison with the goblin.

The goblin jumped down in front of the young man, and shrieked, "Who are you? How dare you chant the vedas as though you are my equal?"

"Pardon me, sir," said Gonardiya humbly. "I have not come to challenge you, but to become your pupil and learn new things. My name is Gonardiya and I come from Banaras."

The goblin was pleased at these words. "Very good, my son!" he said. "I have been waiting for someone like you. Let me know



what all you have studied." But when the young man told him what he had already learned, the goblin was thoroughly dejected.

"I don't know what I can teach you" he said. "You already know all I know."

Gonardiya too was disappointed.

"Let me do one thing," said the spirit, becoming cheerful again. "Let me find a bride for you and thus redeem my sins. You are a highly eligible bachelor. You obey me and do what I tell you?" Gonardiya assented.



"If you travel further south you will come to the city of Jayapur. The king of that city has a daughter called Madayanti. She is a good-looking and scholarly maiden. Her father is trying to find a suitable husband for her. I shall go and possess her, and shall not leave her until you turn up. Then the King will marry her to you."

By this time the King of Jayapur had obtained portraits of all the eligible princes. Princess Madayanti was to see them and select one of them. Maids were

despatched to fetch the Princess. But by the time they went to the Princess she was already possessed by the spirit. She easily picked up the maids one by one and tossed them away.

In a moment the entire palace was in utter confusion. The King sent his guards to restrain the Princess, but she killed each man with a single blow.

The King sent for all the spirit doctors in the city. They chanted *mantras*, did several *tantras*, but it was all useless. Not one of those doctors would go near the





Princess, because one or two who dared to do so had their skulls and limbs broken.

The poor King nearly lost his mind. Madayanti was his only child. Her marriage was at hand and everything was going on so nicely when this spirit possessed her. This news would spread with the swiftness of wind, and no one would ever marry her!

The King made a proclamation to the effect that anyone who would rid the Princess of the spirit would not only marry her but also succeed him to the throne.

This proclamation had only one immediate effect—some more spirit doctors arrived from distant places and were promptly punished by the Princess.

Then Gonardiya arrived in Jayapur. He went to see the King. "O King," he said, "I come to rid your daughter of the spirit that molests her."

The King took pity upon the youth and said, "No, my boy! You are too young to succeed where eminent doctors failed."

Gonardiya smiled. "How can they control the spirit," he asked,





“ which is destined to be controlled by me ? ”

The King saw something in this young man which reassured him. He told his servants to guide the youth to the Princess.

Gonardiya saw the Princess standing in the middle of the room, her hair streaming down. She was quite frightening to look at.

Seeing him she uttered such a loud grunt that the walls shook.

Gonardiya folded his hands in supplication, and recited the following verse :

भूतेन्द्र तव शिष्योऽहं गोनर्दीयामिधानकः

पूर्वोदित वरं देहि देवभूते नमो नमः

(O King of Spirits, I am your disciple Gonardiya. Grant me the boon you have promised me. I bow to the great Deva-bhuti !)

At once there was a strange transformation in the Princess. She ceased to look frightening. Suddenly she went limp and fell down unconscious.

Gonardiya directed the servants and maids to lay the Princess down on a couch and attend upon her. After many days she began to take nourishment again, and in a couple of weeks she was her normal self.

The King kept his word. He gave Madayanti in marriage to Gonardiya and crowned him future King of the land.

Deva-bhuti evidently found redemption. For those who passed through the forest heard no more vedic recitals proceeding from the once haunted pipal tree.





## TIT - BITS

Son: "What's an opportunist?"

Father: "He's the fellow who makes hay of the grass you let grow under your feet!"

Employer: "You ask for very high wages for a man with no experience."

Applicant: "Well, it's so much harder work when you don't know anything about it."

Jim: "You should marry. Then you'll have someone to share your lot".

Pete: "Yes, but some of these shareholders become directors!"

Addressing a group of recruits, a sergeant said: "Any of you know anything about shorthand?"

Ten men fell out immediately.

"Right", said the sergeant, "they're short-handed in the cook house".

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## PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

### RESULTS FOR SEPTEMBER

I. *Photo*: ROCK

II. *Photo*: 'N' ROLL

*Contributed by :*

Raghunath Iyengar, 11 A/25, W. E. A.,  
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## SOME STRANGE MAMMALS

SOME types of mammal which have become extinct over the rest of the world still continue to exist in Australia. These types became extinct in the rest of the world because of competition with more advanced types. But Australia, surrounded by the sea, preserved them from such competition. We shall learn about four mammals.

One of them is the duckbill. As its name suggests it has a bill like that of a duck, but it has fur over its body like a mammal. It resembles a duck in that it lays eggs, (unlike a mammal), and it has webbed feet. It can dig with its beak worms and shellfish out of the mud at the bottom of streams. It lives in burrows made in the banks of streams. The burrow may be 30 feet long. It lays from one to three eggs at a time. When they are hatched the young duckbills take nourishment from the mother. Male duckbills carry spurs on their hind legs. The spurs carry poison, making the duckbill the only poisonous mammal.

Echidna is another strange mammal that lays eggs. Immediately on laying, it puts the eggs in its pouch. The pouch can carry two eggs at a time. After hatching the young remain in the pouch for a few weeks. The echidna has spines on its body





instead of fur. It eats ants and its mouth and tongue are long so that it can get at the ants.

Both the Koala and Kangaroo have pouches, but they do not lay eggs. They give birth to young ones which do not attain their real shape until after some weeks of life in the pouch of their mother. Even when they emerge out of the pouch, they may seek its protection when faced with danger.

The Koala is an Australian native bear. It lives on trees and eats mainly the leaves of eucalyptus trees. For three months the young live in the mother's pouch and for several months more they ride on the mother's back. With the young on her back the mother can climb trees, leap and so on. These creatures sleep during the day.

The young Kangaroo rides in the mother's pouch. Seeing that the Kangaroo can leap across a distance of 25 feet, the rides must be quite thrilling to the young Kangaroo!

North America has one strange mammal—the opossum. It too keeps its young in a pouch. But it may have as many as 15 young at a time. The young opossum too rides its mother's back. It is not known how this primitive mammal managed to survive in North America.







## NEWS ITEMS

A large tract of contiguous area in the States of Andhra, Madhya Pradesh and Orissa was once known as Dandakaranya. Government of India is trying to develop this area for the resettlement of displaced persons from East Pakistan. They are prepared to spend 10 crores or even more for this purpose.

\* \* \*

Vice-President Radhakrishnan inaugurated the National Book Trust in New Delhi. The Book Trust has been established by Union Education Ministry under the Chairmanship of C. D. Deshmukh for the production of good books at moderate prices.

\* \* \*

Devadas Gandhi, youngest son of Mahatma Gandhi and Managing Editor of Hindustan Times, died at Bombay following a heart attack. He leaves his wife (daughter of C. Rajagopalachari), three sons and one daughter.

\* \* \*

The first anniversary of "Apsara," Asia's first atomic reactor at Trombay, was celebrated at a function, during which





Dr. H. J. Bhabha, Chairman, Atomic Energy Commission, said that India might produce electric energy generated by atomic power by 1962, and that plans for the power-generating atomic reactor could be ready by 1958.

\* \* \*

By 1965 Madras State will have exhausted all sources of producing electricity and it is believed that there is a possibility of erecting an atomic reactor for the supply of power in this state.

\* \* \*

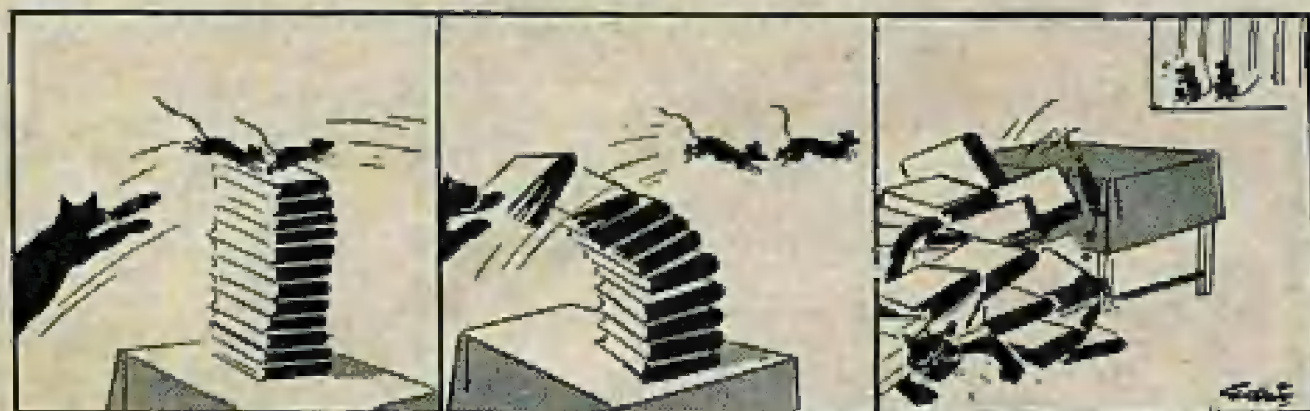
Blood clots can cause heart attack and other serious troubles. Two Yale University scientists have tried an enzyme called plasmin to dissolve such clots. The tests on animals have been successful and they are being carried out on human beings.

\* \* \*

Some 20,000 people gathered at the Nakanoshima Peace Memorial in Hiroshima (Japan) to observe the 12th anniversary of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima City on August 6, 1945. Flowers were placed before a monument to the 60,000 bomb-victims by the Mayor, who later read a declaration of peace while 700 pigeons were released over the Park.

\* \* \*

11 persons, members of the Committee for non-violent action against nuclear weapons (USA), were arrested while demonstrating against nuclear tests at Nevada. They were sentenced to fines and imprisonment but the sentences were suspended on condition that there was no similar offence in next 12 months.





## Picture Story

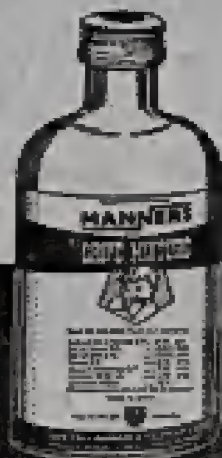
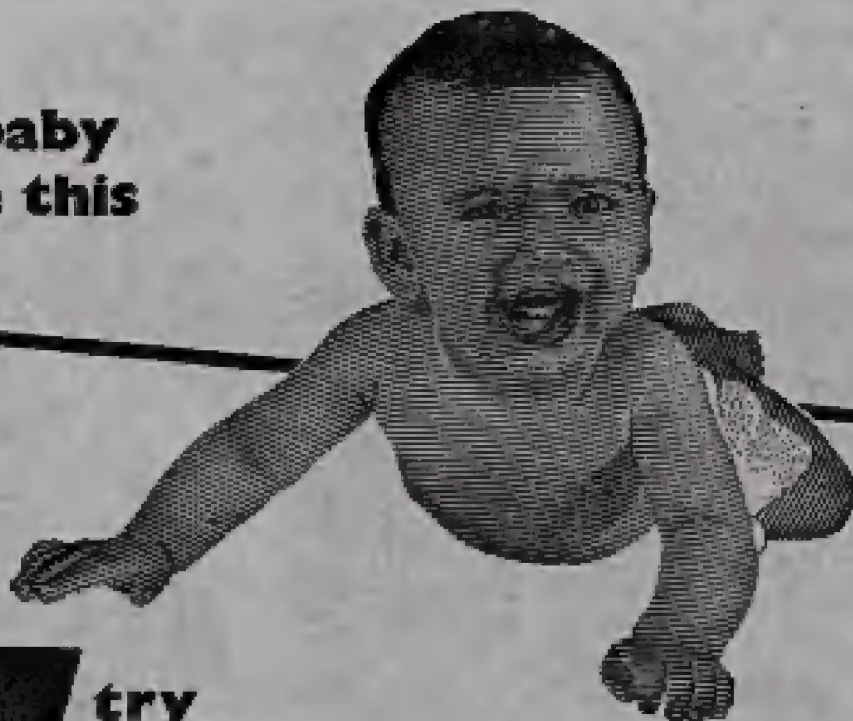


ONE day a ventriloquist was performing to a crowd. Dass and Vass knew about it. They attended the performance, taking "Tiger" concealed in a sack. When the performer began to imitate the barking of a dog, Dass said they could do it much better. He pinched Tiger who was in the sack. Then "Tiger" barked and Vass pretended that he was imitating a dog's bark. But, hearing "Tiger" bark, several dogs came forth barking, and "Tiger" jumped out of the sack, giving away the whole show.





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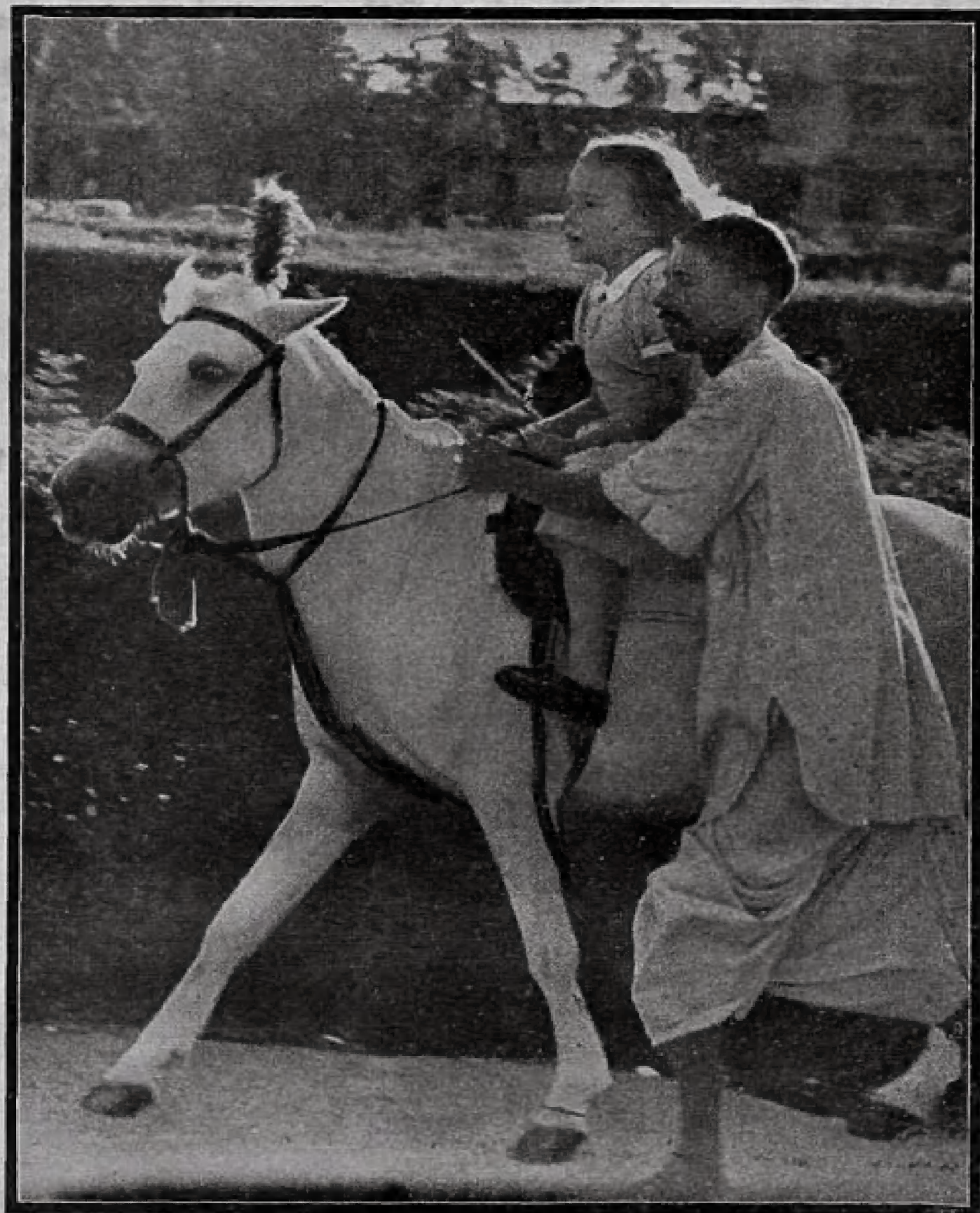
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*September Release!*





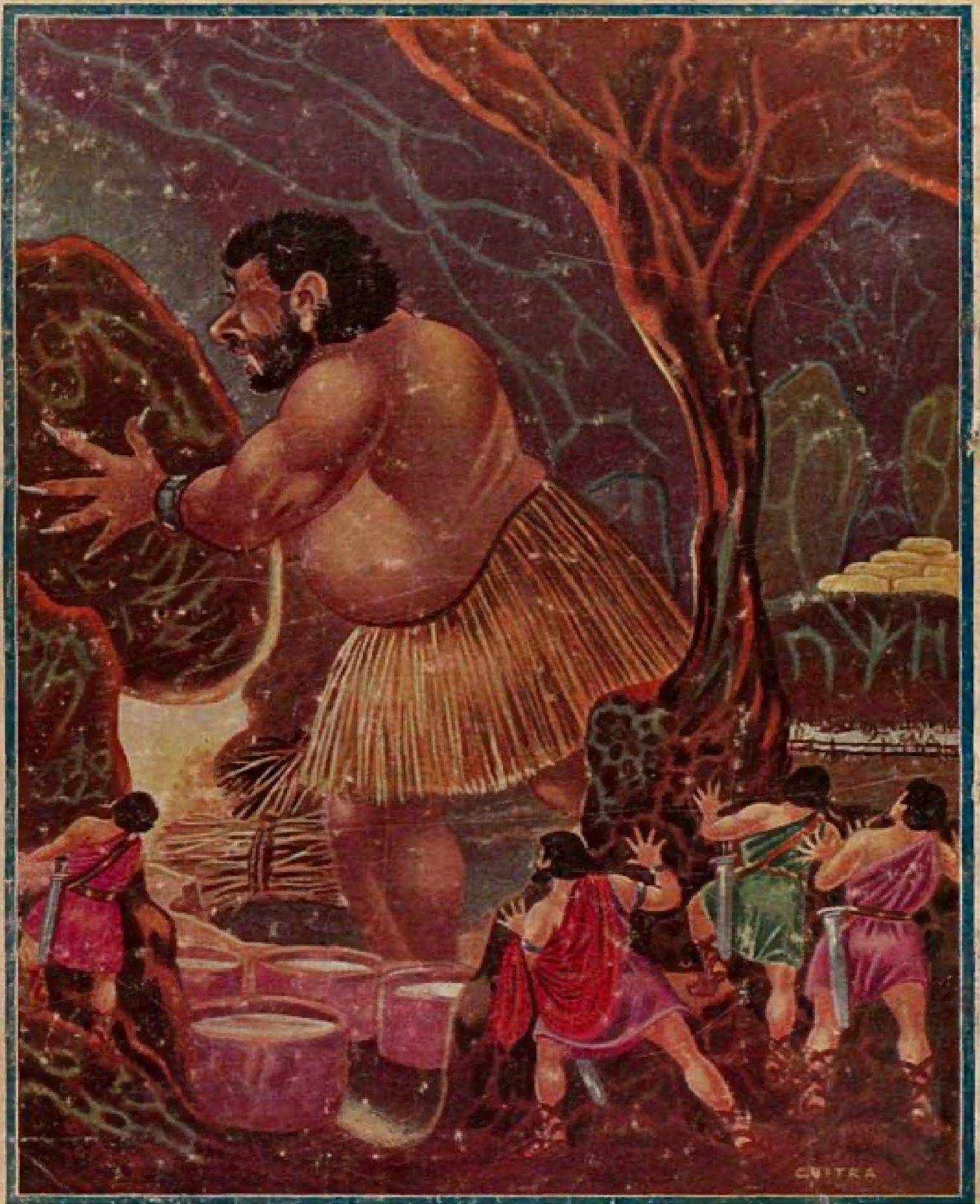


Winning  
Caption

“—‘N’ ROLL”

Contributed by  
Raghunath Iyengar, New Delhi-5





WANDERINGS OF ODYSSEUS